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IN CHARGE OF A HUSBAND'S SOUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Do I remember? Lapse of time
Can never fade nor even dim
The memory of the final hour
I passed with only Heaven and him.

By shipwreck cast upon a strand
As lonely as the moon's dead face;
Before, the sea; above, the sky;
And all around but nothingness.

His strong arm brought me to the shore,
Then utter weakness struck him down,
The death-damp gathered on his brow;
My dear, brave hearted, faithful one!

Thus spoke he with his latest breath:
"I die, *but leave my soul with thee!*
Heart of my heart, accept the charge;
We meet in yon eternity!"

I closed his eyes, and in the sand,
With bleeding fingers, dug his tomb;
I covered him, then sat alone,
Struck speechless in my awful doom.

But soon I felt within my breast
A soothing of the wounds of pain;
I knew his soul with mine conjoined,
And hope and peace came back again.

It was a charge so new and strange—
A soul that should have gone to Heaven—
I trembled at the thought; and then,
To guard it all my life was given.

He lies beneath the cruel sand,
Suspending his immortal life,
And leaving till the time shall come
His spirit with his widowed wife.

Long years have gone, but still I bear
The soul he gave me by the sea,
And humbly wait to yield it back
To him in yon eternity.

THE NORTHGATE MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

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CHAPTER I.—RAVENSWOOD THE ACTOR.

The level light of the setting Winter-sun rested on the landscape with the tender melancholy of a benediction and farewell. On roof and spire of the neighboring town it fell, and in the window-panes glowed like battle-fires. The Angelus bells hovered sweetly on the evening air, like music heard in a dream; and to him, solitary and dejected, who lingered in the churchyard, with its graves and tombs about him, and looked and listened, there was something in the scene and hour strangely interesting, perhaps a little allegoric of his own sad fortunes.

Behind him stood the very pretty and quaint old church of red brick—St. Mary's—not a quarter of a mile from yonder Deddington, and a little to the east of the high road which leads from I know not where into that ancient town. From the spot on which this small temple stands a charming view is had of the surrounding country, with its splendid farms, fields and lordly timber. There is, all things considered, hardly a pleasanter spot on earth. A span of mountains is outlined against the distant sky, and sometimes the landscape, usually so quiet and even a little *triste*, as such peaceful scenes are, becomes on a Summer-day lurid and terrible. A thunderstorm peeling and glaring over those dark hills changes the whole character of the vicinity, giving it something of a startling and almost Alpine grandeur. But it is not then that I, for my part, love best to study this landscape.

The watcher, with his foot on a moss-grown slab, stained, and the lettering faded, looking westward, with the fading sunlight in his face, sighed. A man of thirty-five he was, tall and well built, and in his attitude there was something singularly graceful and even picturesque. He was very handsome, dark as a Spanish gipsy; a face high-bred, proud and sad, with great luminous and earnest eyes.

This man was Charles Ravenswood, the favorite actor of the Deddington Theatre. For three or four months in the year honest Fred Meredith, bringing his company, opened that small but rather pretty establishment, and did well. Deddington was a manufacturing town, whose population made a good deal of money and were liberal in spending it, and in the theatrical line were so prejudiced towards stout little, hard-working Fred, that they would tolerate no one else.

This was Ravenswood's first season with him, but quite his leading attraction. Among the townspeople the actor was enveloped with a curious and romantic interest. No one knew anything of him—not even his real name, for the one he acknowledged was probably fictitious; and, so handsome, graceful, melancholy and isolated, he was a delightful mystery to the young ladies, and the source of a good deal of tea-table gossip among the elder.

He had been waiting for someone, and now she came, and his dark face lighted up with a smile—bright, and yet a little sad. Rhoda Thurlow, closing the iron gate behind her, walked towards him swiftly. The young lady was richly dressed and very beautiful, with chestnut hair, deep-blue eyes and brilliant color, heightened by her long walk in the cold.

"Am I late?" she said.

"A few minutes only," replied Ravenswood, lifting his hat; "but I see you have hurried, Miss Thurlow, and are quite out of breath."

"I was almost afraid I should not be able to come at all," growing at once more serious, the young lady answered; "and of course you know I have not very long to stay. But, at least, I have kept my word," she added, looking about somewhat evasively, with a slight, nervous laugh.

"Yes; you have kept your word, as you will keep it through life in all things," and he bent his large, dark eyes upon her, "to the misfortune of others, sometimes. You have said that this must be our last meeting, and you will keep your word in that."

She colored and looked down.

"I will; and if I know you, Mr. Ravenswood, you would not have me do otherwise."

"And in a few days, when you marry your cousin, Captain Cyril Northgate, and promise to love, honor and obey him, you will keep your word in that."

"I will, as surely as we stand here," she said, with a strange resolution, very quiet, but the accent was hopless; and then she smiled again and added: "and I expect to be very happy."

"May you be so, Miss Thurlow," returned the actor, with a sigh.

A pause followed. The situation was constrained. Rhoda glanced away to the red west; Ravenswood continued to look on her in a sort of melancholy dream. The wind was rising a little, and the air grew colder, and all in a moment the evening seemed to have grown so much darker.

"You and Cyril are great friends," she said, "and I suppose you will come to see us sometimes after we are married. I have a little scheme—I wish you to meet poor papa and remove his prejudices about actors."

"Not a very easy task, I am afraid."

"Oh, yes. I know that he has only to meet you. Think what a little fanatic I was, although I was so fond of attending the theatre, and papa, you know, likes plays. He is, like so many other people, only prejudiced against players, as he calls them, because he has never made the acquaintance of any. He is so very old-fashioned, poor papa. He often tells me that his father told him about Garrick, Kemble and Kean, and that wonderful Mrs. Siddons. You see, I shall be my own mistress then, and can receive whom I please, and Cyril likes you so much. He is not very enthusiastic about anything, particularly in his present state of health; but still you do stir him into a sort of animation sometimes. Last week, when you played King Lear, he talked about it for several days, and had long discussions with papa about insanity and its different phases, and how wonderfully Shakspeare has illustrated them in that play, and 'Hamlet,' and even 'Macbeth,' for he thinks Lady Macbeth, after the crime, was to a certain extent insane."

"And Macbeth not altogether right in his head either, perhaps," laughed Ravenswood. "Yes; poor Cyril is far from well," he continued, with a much graver look; "but a good nurse will do everything. He should leave the army, I think."

"And so he shall, after we are married. He dislikes it, and after a sick-leave always hates to go back. When I left home he was there, very restless and bored, as he has been for some time—and—and the army-life has made him very fidgety, and odd altogether, don't you think? He puzzles me sometimes—all eccentric people are enigmatic—one can never imagine what whim they will take. He takes all sorts of fancies—one week rising at daybreak and making his own breakfast, which is nothing but a cup of coffee, and the next not showing himself till about noon."

"You will soon get him out of all his bachelor and barrack notions, Miss Rhoda. The essence of domestic happiness, I believe wise people say, is system, and the household must be conducted upon principles as exact as those which govern the working of a railway or the revolutions of the planets. I think I foresee by those same planets a most blissful establishment, under the wise reign of Miss Thurlow."

His banter was not very merry—it is so cruel to look at happiness through another man's eyes. Perhaps with the subtle intuition of womanhood she read his mind; for suddenly, with a little shiver, and glancing again westward, where the light was so quickly fading, she said:

"And now, having, like a truthful young lady, kept my word and given you this last stolen meeting, I must say good-bye, and return homeward, even more quickly than I came."

She held out her little hand, from which she had taken the glove, smiling—or was it quite a smile? Was it not that uncertain quivering of the features which is intended for a smile, but simulates one so poorly?

He took those slim fingers in his own lightly, as one handles something precious, and so delicate that the slightest touch may injure it, and so stood, without speaking immediately—as if fearful that in the attempt to speak his voice might catch—and then, with a little effort, he said:

"Good-bye, Miss Thurlow—the last time, I suppose, that I shall address you by that name; and—and you *were* very kind to come—you don't know how kind—and—and so good-bye."

His voice sank into a whisper as he spoke the last words, and there was a silence, neither looking at the other, and her hand slipped from his, and she turned from him and walked towards the little gate by which a few minutes ago—and how few they seemed—she had entered.

Ravenswood raised his head and looked after her steadily—he was very pale. A little while longer and she had melted into the dusky gray of the evening, and he was in the churchyard alone. Against the high marble slab beside him he leaned, still watching the point at which she had disappeared, as a wrecked sailor on an island in mid-ocean watches the spot where a ship has vanished; and so time crept on, and the darkness deepened, and the stars slowly mustered in the sky.

That night at the theatre Ravenswood appeared in two of his favorite characters. Deddington was very conservative, and liked the standard drama, and early in the evening he figured in "The Stranger." An admirable delineation he gave of that gloomy and broken gentleman. Afterwards he played Don Cæsar de Bazan with wonderful brilliancy, surprising even his manager, honest Fred, who knew his worth. Never had the little man seen the Spanish gentleman portrayed with such fire and gayety, and with the prompt-book in his hand he stood at the desk, smiling with pleasure, and remarking at intervals to his pretty daughter Bella:

"Capital! superb! The very best I ever saw. I wonder what can have put Charley Ravenswood in such amazing spirits to-night."

CHAPTER II.—CAPTAIN CYRIL NORTHGATE.

While Ravenswood, as the gloomy and bitter misanthrope of Kotzebue's creation, underwent his rather fatiguing agonies at the theatre, Miss Thurlow figured in a quieter scene. Her accepted lover, Captain Cyril Northgate, had taken tea with Dr. Thurlow and family that evening, and now all were assembled in the little parlor of the pretty cottage attached to Dr. Thurlow's academy.

A genial and learned pedagogue was the Doctor—a handsome old man, agreeable, chatty, though a little out of date. He sat by the centre-table, with the lamp at his elbow, reading—but nothing very modern, you may be sure. For him the current of literary events seemed somehow to have come to a stop about 1820, and he still spoke of "that highly gifted though wicked young fellow Lord Byron," and "that strange creature young Shelley," and read their poetry with a sort of pleasing terror, and, though he shook his head over it, liked it with a stolen relish. Of Tennyson he knew something, but not much, and his verses he did not admire. "Sugar-candy" he called them, "like that Keats stuff." Of the later singers Browning, Buchanan, Swinburne and the rest, he knew almost nothing—hardly their names. But, with so much ancient lore as he possessed, the Doctor was of course something of a pedant, and, loving the old writers, he delighted to quote them. There was, however, nothing of the Dominie Sampson about him; strictly speaking, he was not a bookworm, in the ridiculous sense of that word, for he loved many other things besides his books. Indeed, I think he enjoyed everything that was harmless and pleasant—his labors, his walks, his friends, his dinner, and his big meerschaum pipe, which he had been so long coloring unsuccessfully.

Near him, busily engaged in sewing, sat Mrs. Thurlow. A stout and rather formidable lady she was, with strong features, a Roman nose, and black eyes. It was said that the Doctor, as better men have been, was a little henpecked. His wife was ambitious, and thought him fitted for better things than his simple village home and "academy for young gentlemen," and there was not a day that she did not upbraid him for having recklessly thrown away his chances for "a career," although she did not state explicitly of what sort. He smiled serenely, without replying. He was a shy man, and knew himself best, no doubt, and had realized, I think, pretty much his life's ambition.

At the piano sat Rhoda, attended by her affianced, Captain Northgate. The Captain was slim and delicate, and not yet thirty, pallid, with light hair and blue eyes and a yellow moustache, and, everyone thought, extremely handsome. Ill and somewhat peevish he looked as he turned the music, and now and then, when there was no music to turn and Rhoda sang from memory, lounged to the sofa to rest himself.

It was, perhaps, no wonder that Captain Northgate was listless and exhausted. He was one of those young fellows who overdo everything and burn out their not very substantial candle at both ends. He overworked and overdrank—ate his meals at all sorts of hours—never missed the chimes at midnight, and took his daily constitutional around a green table in the tobacconed atmosphere of a billiard-room. For twelve years he could not remember having had a well day. He had tried pretty much everything, and now suffered all the miseries of boredom, and, as a last resort, was about to go in for marriage and the domestic and placid pleasures sung by poets and philosophers as belonging to that state.

As Doctor Thurlow plodded on with his book, smiling through his spectacles, and Mrs. Thurlow's thoughts flew with her needle, and the Captain dawdled on the sofa with a yawn, Rhoda ended her song with a loud chord and stood up.

"No more music to-night," she said, smiling, but resolutely, and came over to the table. "I have complied with your request, Cyril, and played everything I know, and now for the remainder of the evening you must entertain *me*."

She *had* played through her repertory very industriously, but very much as one might go through a task. She saw the notes and struck them, but her mind was evidently on something else.

"Cyril will sing for us, perhaps," said Mrs. Thurlow in her peculiarly stately fashion. She had formerly assisted the Doctor in his scholastic labors, and had acquired a rather severe schoolmistress manner, which still clung to her, and which, heightened by her classical and tolerably stern features, and naturally majestic deportment, at times frightened some people.

Northgate rose and glanced upwards in protest and dismay.

"You might as well ask me to stand on my head," he said. "Haven't a note, I assure you. Awfully stupid this evening. I've a headache—splitting."

He dawdled to the table, and then to the

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bookcase, which was open, and began tumbling over the books, listlessly, lazily, reading the titles to himself in an undertone. Mrs. Thurlow beneath her back eyebrows watched him severely, Rhoda curiously and with a faint smile.

"Then possibly you will read us something," remarked the former, growing restless under the disorder he was creating.

He returned the last volume he had picked up to its place, and, closing the door, came away.

"Not I. Out of my line. There's a fellow I know who is a capital reader. Of course you all know him too," he added, with sudden recollection, recrossing the carpet with his soldierly swing, and depositing himself once more on the sofa.

"We don't know any 'fellows,' I must remind you, Captain Northgate," said Mrs. Thurlow, growing really vexed at his restlessness; and what is so annoying in another as a fit of the fidgets?

"Well, a *gentleman*, then," he returned. "An actor—I mean Ravenswood."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Thurlow in a dubious tone, resuming her sewing.

At the same moment Rhoda turned slowly on the piano-stool and began picking out a little opera tune softly with one hand, her head lowered, as if she was quite absorbed.

The old Doctor, who, like Cæsar, could read and listen and do a great many other things at the same time, had caught the Captain's remark, and, lowering his book, with his forefinger between the leaves, said, with his kindly smile:

"I agree with you, Cyril. Ravenswood is a most accomplished reader. I have always thought that 'Hamlet' should be read to the audience, rather than acted—that is, declaimed. It is so much more a poem than a play; and for my part, I have seldom seen it performed without a vague sense of—of actual *pain*. The actors do not grasp the inner meaning of the character. I must confess, though, that your friend Mr. Ravenswood is remarkably successful with the character. He has the advantage of appearance, which, of course, is a great deal; and without knowing him personally ——"

"The idea, my dear!" interrupted his wife.

"Without knowing him personally," pursued the Doctor, with a slight bow towards her, acknowledging the protest, "I should imagine that his own character had some of the alternations of moody sadness and bitter gayety which the divine bard has delineated with such masterly—a—a—*power*—in his portrait of the Prince of Denmark."

"You've hit it exactly, Doctor," said Northgate in his listless fashion. "Ravenswood is about the queerest fellow in the world, and nobody pretends to understand him; gay, gloomy, gentle, sarcastic—everything in turn —and I never pretended to try making him out. But he is good company sometimes, when he chooses, and I like him better than any fellow I know. You must remember something of him, Rhoda, don't you? He made you laugh so much in 'The'—what do you call it?—my memory is miserable lately—'Honeymoon.'"

Rhoda glanced back over her shoulder, apparently trying to recall, smiling ever so little, and a close observer might have detected a flush.

"I think I do—yes, I am sure. Tall, wasn't he? and very dark—and rather graceful, I fancied."

"A model of grace," said Dr. Thurlow emphatically.

"Really, haven't we talked enough about actors?" remarked Mrs. Thurlow, slightly impatient.

So the subject expired. Captain Northgate fell into a brown-study, and after a while Rhoda came over and sat by him.

"And you decline positively to sing, Cyril?" she said. "Our resources are therefore exhausted, unless you have something amusing to tell me. I often wonder how it will be after we are married."

"Preciously dull times, I'm afraid," he answered in his languid tone. "You know what a miserable bore I am. I admit candidly that I don't think you could have found a worse husband in some respects than I shall be. I don't know that it would be the worst luck for you if I should take it into my head at the last moment to back out altogether and run away."

He laughed carelessly, leaning back and studying the cornice. There was a silence, and then she said gravely:

"I see that you are not at all well this evening. Most young ladies would be apt to resent that kind of joke."

"Well, considered as a joke, it *is* a poor one; but if I really desired to escape the marriage, there would be no way at the present stage of affairs *but* flight," and he laughed oddly, as before. "Fellows often take that course."

"I think my mother reminded you a few moments ago that we are not acquainted with any 'fellows.' I never heard of a gentleman taking that course."

"But now, Rhoda, just consider ——" he proceeded, still smiling, but more earnestly. "Suppose a fellow—I mean a gentleman—really admires and loves a girl, and is about to make her his wife, but discovers when all is ready that there are obstacles in the way—that he is not suited to her, or any woman, and that he would be acting almost—in fact, quite—the villain to marry her—what could he do but withdraw—and so absolutely as to make the affair impossible? I only put a hypothetical case, you know."

"In the case of a real lady, the real gentleman might withdraw by stating his wish to do so, even as they stood before the clergyman."

"But it would be a confoundedly uncomfortable situation for both, you must admit."

"Not so uncomfortable as that which might follow the completion of the ceremony," said Miss Thurlow. "But certainly this line of discussion is not a very agreeable one. It strikes me as rather senseless."

"And perhaps rather in bad taste under the circumstances," he added, with another queer laugh, and he rose. "Well, having talked as much nonsense as possible, and made the usual bad impression, I suppose it is about time for me to go."

She looked at him gravely as he stood, thin, delicate, handsome and careworn, before her.

"To your bed, Cyril, I hope—for it is very clear that you need rest—and not to the billiard-room, where you pass so much of your time."

"What would be the use? I shouldn't get to sleep. About three hours in the twenty-four is my usual allowance, lately, of that."

Then, with a general interchange of good-nights, Captain Northgate took his leave, accompanied by his affianced to the door, where, I dare say, there was a special adieu, such as is proper between a young lady and a gentleman engaged, and the invalid soldier glided away into the darkness.

Rhoda returned thoughtfully to the parlor and resumed her seat at the piano, and began abstractedly trifling with the keys.

"How oddly Cyril acts to-night!" remarked Mrs. Thurlow after a few moments.

"He is not well," said Rhoda. "He complained of headache and sleeplessness."

"But he seemed to me to have something on his mind," pursued the elder lady—"a sort of dread—and—and—nervousness, almost. Did you observe anything of the kind, Samuel?" she asked of her husband, who was named Samuel Johnson, after the great giant of letters.

"Yes," answered the Doctor, with his kindly smile, looking towards Rhoda; "and I also imagined that a distant young lady-acquaintance of mine appeared to have something on her mind likewise."

"O papa, what absurdity!" cried Rhoda with a laugh, but a sudden and deep color.

CHAPTER III.—AFTER THE PLAY.

That same night, so memorable afterwards, Charles Ravenswood, having exchanged his stage trappings for those more adapted to the fashion of the present time, was the last of the performers to emerge from the rear door of the theatre into the street. It was about eleven o'clock, and the town seemed deserted. The air was chill, and the actor, drawing his handsome coat about him, looked up and around, the cold starlight falling upon his dark and pallid face, like a man who knew not where to turn. Then, with a sigh, he strode away—a tall and graceful apparition—in the direction he had taken that afternoon. Soon he reached the end of the street and town; and then, lingering, staring into the dim and distant shadows of the country, as if his strange, melancholy eyes were trying to pierce the darkness, he wheeled again and retraced his steps. After passing some transverse streets his ear caught the sound of music. A girl's voice was singing the old-fashioned ballad which had been sung in "The Stranger" that evening—a voice he well knew.

"Little Bella," he said, smiling. "Fred is making merry after his labors."

He went on until he reached the cottage whence the music came, and stood listening at the closed shutters of the window, and then stepped to the little green door and rapped.

"Who's there?" cried Fred Meredith's voice.

"'Tis I—Hamlet the Dane," answered Ravenswood with tragic intonation, and instantly the door was opened and the party within revealed.

A stream of comfortable warm air, mingled with the flavor of lemons and alcohol, poured out, and Ravenswood, doffing his hat, stately and splendid in his gipsy beauty, stepped in. The assembly without him numbered but three—fat little, brisk, good-humored Fred, his daughter Bella, with her light hair, pretty face and dark-blue eyes, with something in them intense and energetic—and poor, dejected Joe Butts, the low-comedian. Mr. Butts, in the imagination of the public, was the most amusing and merriest creature alive; in reality, the most dismal. He was not a hypochondriac, but nature in one of her freaks had tinged his mind with a gloom that took the form of superstition. The famous Mrs. Crow, authoress of the "Nightside of Nature," had not such a morbid fancy for the mysterious. Dreaming and waking, Mr. Butts thought of nothing but ghosts and goblins, haunted houses and people, and other indescribable horrors. He was now in a radiant humor—by which I mean that his face was long and sad and awe-struck—for, just previously to Bella's song, they had all been telling ghost stories, over their carefully qualified tankards of punch—and had discussed the solitary sensation of the mysterious sort which the neighborhood of Deddington possessed—the Gladewater Mill.

The mill, ruined and deserted, stood about half a mile from the town, in a wild and lonesome spot, where very few cared to venture at night. There was a story attached—not a very novel horror to those well up in this sort of lore—the story of a young British officer, Major Chandys, traveling this way years before for pleasure and adventure, who stopped at the mill for the night. Reuben Dangerfield was then the miller—a solitary and sinister bird, whose roost was alone. Major Chandys was seen no more. Dangerfield always asserted that he had risen early and pursued his way, and there was, indeed, no proof to the contrary. But somehow the impression was fixed upon people's minds that he had been murdered for his money by Reuben Dangerfield, and his body thrown into the Gladewater; and from this time the mill ceased to prosper and fell into neglect and decay, and at length its owner died. In due time the spot became haunted, and there were plenty who averred that on certain nights there were lights seen at the windows, and the sounds of fright and struggle heard; and certain bold spirits who had penetrated the building declared that the spectre of the British officer had appeared to them and indicated, after the manner of such unearthly visitants, the fate which had befallen him. So ran the tradition, as just related with intense relish by Joe Butts.

Ravenswood, taking the glass of punch proffered by his hospitable manager, stood for a moment warming himself by the fire.

"Where have you been, Ravenswood?" said Fred. "You look half-frozen."

"'Tis a bitter night," said the actor. "I was passing, and heard Bella's voice, and, like Ariel's, it drew me nearer, and, fancying how cosy and comfortable all must be within, I could not resist knocking."

The girl looked on him with a strange flush and glowing eyes, and then downcast as he turned his head. In her hand she held a play-book.

"Oh!" he said, recollecting suddenly, "we do 'The Rivals' to-morrow, with a new Lydia."

"I hope it will not be an imperfect one," threw in Mr. Meredith, also glancing at the book.

"I shall sit up till daybreak, rather than that," said Bella, with a little laugh, and the same shy color in her cheeks as she glanced again at Ravenswood. "I have never been an actress, papa; but you must admit that I have always known my lines."

"Always—yes, there is no doubt of that," said Fred, shaking his head and laughing, rather proudly, perhaps, for he loved his daughter; "and I think sometimes a pretty good actress too, eh? And who knows what may be the state of things in the future? What do *you* think, Ravenswood?"

Bella's color deepened—she was startled and embarrassed, and even a little pained. She had not expected this sudden appeal to Ravenswood, about whose opinion in matters of art no one, of course, could be indifferent.

"Bella is already an excellent actress," he said with emphasis. "I don't know anyone who owes her as much as I do. I always feel safe when I have a scene with her; and, indeed, there is no one I like better to play opposite to."

He spoke with the accent of sincerity, and it was high praise from a man so peculiar; but she was not, one would have said, pleased—she was disappointed. In those last words, which the magic of tone might have given a meaning so wonderfully different, there was nothing but selfishness. Ravenswood, cold and abstracted, sipped his glass, not noticing her chagrin, and so the talk fell away to other things; and in a little while chubby Fred, who thought there could be no merriment without music, asked him for a song. So the handsome actor, glass in hand, complied, and in a sweet baritone sang a ballad of his own composing about the dreams of life, of one sort or another, and how each man has his own, and so few realized! He pictured his own dream of love—vague even to himself—and his consciousness that more than an illusion it could never be; but with a reckless sort of gayety declared that he would still cherish it, let it lead him to what fate it might. There was not much in the words, but the fire and melancholy of his voice gave spirit and meaning to very simple thoughts; and when he finished and set down his glass, with the ringing vow that he would follow his dream of love though it led him to darkness down, a curious stillness and sensation followed. Honest little Fred, who was apt to be tender over his music and punch, had tears in his eyes, which he hastily concealed, and Joe Butts, breaking into a smile, was the first to speak:

"That's good, Ravenswood. You sing well, sir," he said; "but somehow it makes a fellow feel bad to hear you. I shan't be able to sleep well to-night for that song. Music affects some people, you know, for a long time afterwards. Hang it, why didn't you choose something lively?" he added, with a half-earnest resentment.

"I am sorry I did not, if the song will disturb your rest," said the actor. "I hope the same result will not follow in the case of anyone else."

"Not in mine, certainly," replied Bella; "for you know I am not to have any rest to-night. Lydia Languish will absorb my entire attention till morning."

"To the exclusion of even my dream of love," laughed Ravenswood. "But anything so foolish could not have expected much sympathy."

"Nothing so fictitious could deserve it, I think," said Bella. "A mere dream, you admit. Not very wise of me to trouble myself about other people's dreams, particularly with so very grave a reality staring me in the face," and she tapped the cover of the shabby little book in her hand.

"Not very wise to trouble yourself about other people at all, Bella, I'm afraid," returned Ravenswood. "I thought of that when I was in the street a while ago, and heard you singing Sheridan's song 'I have a secret sorrow here'—a choice, by the way, as dismal as my own."

"But it drew you in, you said," answered the girl quickly.

He laughed—a shade bitterly, perhaps.

"Well, I had forgotten about saying that, but it is true. I did feel rather cold and friendless out there, with all the town asleep, and in your music there was the suggestion of sympathy; so I followed it, and it led me to the window, and at length to the door, where I found welcome and—and ——"

"And sympathy."

"Warm punch and a warm fire, at all events. Hark!" he broke off suddenly. "Some other benighted wayfarer is knocking, I think."

They listened, and the knocking was audible. Fred Meredith rose quickly and went to the door. Conversation, brief and pointed, followed there, but its tenor was indistinguishable, and after a minute he looked into the room again and said:

"Ravenswood, it is Captain Northgate, anxious to see you, but he refuses to come in."

"Compel him, papa," suggested hospitable Bella.

"He is of Falstaff's opinion about compulsion," replied the messenger, "and refuses positively."

"So I must go," said Ravenswood, rising, "and, in truth, it is time," he added, glancing at the clock on the mantlepiece; and he threw his coat, with its sable collar, about him, without actually drawing it on, and, looking towards Bella and smiling, he said: "And when in tedious Winter-nights with good old folks thou sit'st up late to tell the tales of times long past—how does King Henry's speech go? I have forgotten. Good-night to all, then; and, Bella, take good advice and put Lydia Languish off till to-morrow."

"I have sworn an oath in heaven, Mr. Ravenswood. Shall I lay perjury on my soul?"

"Well, if you won't be advised ——" and he laughed again.

She would not. It seemed a little matter; but both had reason to think of it afterwards.

And now Ravenswood took his departure, and went out to join his friend Northgate. Chill was the wind. The Captain, comfortably bundled up, was smoking, with only part of his face visible.

"Awfully cold," he said, taking the other's arm, "and sorry to take you away from such agreeable society; but I had something to say to you, Ravenswood. Which way shall we go?"

"Any way," replied the actor, looking at him queerly. "We'll get out towards the country, if you like."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CONSUMPTION OF LUMBER in this country is enormous, altogether beyond what is generally supposed. The annual demand for ties and sleepers of our 90,000 miles of railway is estimated to be 40,000,000 square feet, and to inclose the roads would require 180,000 miles of fence. We have 75,000 miles of telegraph-wire to put up, for which 900,000 trees are needed, while repairs would need near 300,000 more trees a year. The common lucifer-match uses up 300,000 cubic feet of the finest pine annually. The bricks baked every year require 3,000,000 cords of wood, which would be all that 50,000 acres of average timber-land would contain. Shoe-pegs exhaust annually 100,000 cords of wood; lasts and boot-trees some 500,000 cords of beech, birch and maple; and about as much more is required for the stock of planes and other tools. The packing-boxes made in the United States in 1874 cost $12,000,000, and the lumber manufactured into wagons, agricultural implements, etc., was worth over $100,000,000. An immense quantity of lumber is employed for fences of houses and farms, though these may decrease with time, as hedges are likely, to a great extent, to take their place. Our consumption of lumber increases steadily, and so do our foreign shipments, our exports of pine, maple, walnut and oak being very large. Immense as our resources are, the supply must, ere long, be exhausted.

LEPROSY IN SPAIN.—The announcement that leprosy had made its appearance in the province of Alicante will not surprise anyone who has traveled in that part of Spain, for I was informed while staying in Valencia, that in that province, which borders on Alicante, there were 116 known cases of leprosy last year, 74 of which proved fatal. There can be no doubt that other cases had escaped detection, as persons suffering from this disease generally attempt to conceal the fact, even from their relatives. There is a hospital outside Valencia set apart entirely for lepers, and all those who refuse to enter it are kept isolated and are subjected to very severe sanitary regulations. At St. Simat de Valldigna the inhabitants call leprosy "the Moor's evil," and at Enquerra "St. Lazarus' evil." The kind of leprosy most prevalent in the province of Valencia is tubercular or Greek leprosy, while in Alicante the Hebrew leprosy is the most common form.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TROLLOPE THE NOVELIST has bought a great estate at Cape Colony.

MY LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ANNIE HINDLE.

Would'st thou a likeness to my loved one seek
In the fair rose that seems of love to speak?
More lovely is her cheek.

See'st thou the lily, pure and white as snow,
To sighing winds its graceful head doth bow?
Still whiter is her brow.

See'st thou the daylight clear and bright arise
To wake the op'ning dawn with Summer skies?
Still brighter are her eyes.

See golden sunbeams, with their beauty rare
Glistening and glancing in ambrosial air—
More golden is her hair.

See from the tiny field-flowers' rosy tips
The hov'ring bee his first sweet honey sips—
Still rosier are her lips.

There's nothing in this world that's passing fair,
There's nothing beautiful, or rich, or rare,
That can with her compare.

New York, Oct. 7, 1878.

THE FATE OF BEAUTIFUL MADELINE

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"Are you my wife, Madeline, or are you the wife of another?"

He who uttered this query in most dramatic tones was a young gentleman of an exceptionally fine figure and face, and a most thoroughly high-bred aspect. That he was greatly agitated was evinced by the impatient pain of his gray eyes, the pallor of his perfect features, and the nervous gesture with which he flung back the yellowish-brown hair from his white and handsome forehead. He stood at the opened door of a delightful boudoir, elegantly frescoed and furnished with tints of Oriental scarlet and gold.

In the centre of this sumptuous room stood a young creature whose beauty was of a decidedly unique and impressive type. She was somewhat tall in stature, but proportioned with the dainty voluptuousness of Canova's marble Venus. Her skin was of that ivory, opaque fairness that passion makes more pale. Her hair was of that rare, rich brown one sees in polished tortoise-shell. Her eyes were of that odd, changeful hazel that is so attractive, with opaline flashes, now red with rage, now scintillant with passion, and anon dreamy with tenderness, but always mesmeric and subtly persuasive. Every motion of the supple and imperial form suggested perfectly healthful vitality, and warm, imperious desires. Her dress was a marvelously becoming arrangement of pearl-white silk and cloudy laces, and she wore knots of blue violet in her hair and among the sapphires that blazed on her bosom.

"Will you answer me truly, Madeline—are you my wife, or the wife of another?"

The lady's delicate, velvety-white features flushed, and her magnetic, dark eyes glowed.

"Rupert, my dearest," she began with hesitation and much pathos, "if your heart gives back, throb for throb, the love that thrills my own; if you acknowledge your soul and mine as counterparts; if you feel that your life without me would be purposeless and pleasureless, as I know my life will be without you; if you are entirely sure that you can condone my many faults as I condone the very few of yours, then am I indeed your wife."

The young man's face became yet more stern, and he pushed almost rudely away the warm and loving arms that would have embraced him.

"You evade my question with a most unwomanly heresy," he observed severely. "Will you please answer me explicitly or not?"

"My dear husband, I will answer you explicitly if you will please make your questions explicit," returned the bewitching young lady.

"Then I will be explicit to the smallest detail," resumed her indignant husband. "We have been married a year, have we not?"

"A happy year," assented beautiful Madeline.

"I met you at my hotel, where you were known and honored as the heiress of a deceased California money-magnate?"

"Yes! Continue, please," was the somewhat sarcastic encouragement of the young wife.

"I met you, I loved you, and I made you my wife," pursued Rupert Brough in most lugubrious tones; "and I thought myself the most fortunate and enviable husband in the whole wide world until to-day. But this morning, as we were walking down the avenue, the pageant of a circus passed us. On a platform draped with gold-fringed, purple velvet, and upheld by four gilded columns, stood a magnificent athlete, whose lusty muscles were like whip-cords. In motion he was lithe as a tiger, but in repose he suggested the untiring pertinacity of the bloodhound. His handsome, wicked face was turned towards you, Madeline, and you shuddered and turned pale. He saw you and he laughed, and asked the crowd in jeering tones to behold his wife and her lover. You staggered into my arms and fainted. Madeline, what has that brazen hero of the trapeze ever been to you?"

"Rupert, my dearest," faltered the sweet woman, caressing him, "I have been a true and good wife to you, have I not?"

The man put her aside impatiently.

"No matter what you have been to me; if the lips of that man have ever touched yours, if his arms have ever embraced you, you can no longer be my wife," declared Rupert most bitterly.

"Do you mean that?" she demanded in curiously desperate tones.

"As God hears me, I mean it," he averred.

For a moment she toyed idly with the jeweled fan she held, while with strangely glittering eyes she gazed at the handsome, bowed head.

"Rupert," she observed finally, "I desire you to be a spectator of that gorgeous show to-night. Promise me you will come, and I promise you to prove that you have no reason for jealousy."

Persuaded by that eager, passionate voice, he promised what she desired.

"You will come with me?" he urged kindly at the last moment.

Beautiful Madeline demurred.

"I shall be there," she answered him; "but I cannot go with you."

Rupert Brough found the great amphitheatre crowded, and, notwithstanding his perplexity and pain, he found the occasion rather enjoyable. The orchestra was somewhat superior, the riding was fine, and the Roman chariot-driving was superb.

By-and-bye the great trapeze performance was announced by the manager:

"Mons. Gorbet will be accompanied by the most lovely and daring lady who ever performed on the bars," he shouted to the expectant audience.

Rupert Brough smiled bitterly when he saw the distinguished performer come forth, and, with an exaggerated salaam to the spectators, mount the swaying bars. But his heart stood still when he saw the beautiful creature who came after. He saw his own Madeline—the fair, passionate woman he loved so madly and had married so rashly—come smiling before the bold gaze of the applauding throng, her superb limbs unhidden, her white and panting bosom unconcealed by the blue-velvet bodice fringed with gold, her splendid, unbound hair sweeping her graceful waist like a native cloud, and her great, shining eyes turned upon him with a single wild and desperate glance.

Thrilled and fascinated, he watched her, breathless with fear and an admiration he could not repress. Feat after feat was performed, and applause upon applause thundered through the great amphitheatre. But suddenly every voice was hushed, and every eye was strained in horror upon the trapeze. Balanced upon the lowest bar stood the beautiful woman, her white, graceful right arm uplifted, and holding in her firm fingers a glittering dagger. Mons. Gorbet saw the danger only too late. He swung downward, the keen blade thrust into his heart impaled him like a lance, and without a groan he dropped with an awful thud upon the stage below. The next instant, Madeline, perhaps unnerved suddenly by a sense of the dreadful enormity of the deed, tottered dizzily on her perilous perch, and fell headlong beside the body of her dead victim.

Almost unconsciously, Rupert Brough forced his way through the appalled crowd.

"Make way! I am her husband!" was his order and explanation.

He reached her at length, and took her in his arms; but Madeline was dying. Red drops of her young and reckless blood were oozing from her beautiful pale lips. But she put her arms about his neck with a passion of tenderness.

"Pity me if you can, my dearest," she gasped, glancing at the dead man with a shudder. "He was my ruin and my curse. When I was a wee little thing he stole me from a joyous home and tender parents, and taught me this sort of life. But I hated the life, and I hated him. He forced me to be his wife, that I might make for him his fame and fortune. And yet, my Rupert, I tried to be a good wife to him; I tried to turn him to do the right, but he cursed my tears and mocked my prayers. He reviled me, he beat me, he would have made me infamous if he could have done so. At the last, in desperation, I took my jewels and my savings and I fled from him. I was happy as a child in my freedom; and when I met you, and we loved each other, I could not spoil my first dear joy by telling you the truth. From that fatal day he saw and claimed me I have been mad, I think. And when you said those cruel words, Rupert—do you remember, dear, you said I could no longer be your wife?—I hated him with an insane hate. He had spoiled my life, and came to rob me of my one sweet joy."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

NO SIGNATURE.—"Cribbage. A has the deal. B has seven points to go. B pegs nothing. B shows nine in his hand. B says 'I have six,' and pegs it. A holds out in his hand six. A strange calls the attention of B to his hand after pegging. Who wins the game?".....This statement, plain enough to anybody who witnessed the proceedings, is unintelligible to anyone else. We cannot say which won the game, for it is not stated that A, like B, had a given number to go. We can only assume that the object of the statement is to ascertain if B, having been notified by an outsider that he had points enough in his hand to make him winner, could profit by that notification and claim the game. This we answer in the negative. Having pegged six for what he had in his hand, he could not peg again, even had he alone discovered his error. As to the outsider's action, it is sufficient to remark that A was playing B alone—not B and everybody else in the room. The pointing-out of the error did not show that B had won or could subsequently win the game. It simply showed that he *might* have won it, and was an unkindness, to say the least. If A could peg out, B lost the game.

J. S. B., Montreal.—1. Our "answer" was in response to the question, then seen. 2. Stewart was born near Belfast, Ireland. 2. The present is a different question: "Was the late A. T. Stewart a Scotchman or an Irishman?" We know that he was an American, but he might have considered himself a Scotchman. Again, having been born near Belfast and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, it is pretty certain that he was an Irishman. As it is possible for a man to be an Irishman by birth, a Scotchman by parentage, and an American by adoption or choice, it should be clear to you that the bet cannot be decided until both parties to it have agreed upon what they mean by "Scotchman" and "Irishman."

J. D. H., San Antonio.—Here is a recipe for Chili sance, which will answer: One small measure of tomatoes, scald and take skins off; one quart of white onions, cut up small and scalded; two tablespoonfuls of salt; one small teacupful of brown sugar; ditto of vinegar; one teaspoonful each of the following spices—ground ginger, ground cinnamon, ground cloves, ground allspice, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne, one-half teaspoonful of black pepper. Boil slowly for about two and a half or three hours; stir often and add the spices when about half cooked. Bottle and cork when cold.

READER, New Haven.—"Will you please tell me if a man and woman living together, calling themselves husband and wife, though not lawfully married, are legally husband and wife, according to the laws of New York State?".....Nothing can be clearer than that parties who are "not lawfully married" cannot "legally be husband and wife." Marriage in this State is a civil contract, and, in the eyes of the law. Cohabitation, or "living together," is a corroboration of that contract, but not absolute proof of it. It must be shown that the parties agreed to live together as man and wife.

W. JAMISON, Manayunk.—The referee, judging from your statement of the case, evidently did not understand his business. If he rendered a forced decision in favor of his he should have adhered to that decision. If he did not render such a decision, and considered M to have been fouled, he should have either given the race to the man after pegging. Who wins the game?".....This statement, plain enough to anybody who witnessed the proceedings, is unintelligible to anyone else. We cannot say which won the game, for it is not stated that A, like B, had a given number to go. We can only assume that the object of the statement is to ascertain if B, having been notified by an outsider that he had points enough in his hand to make him winner, could profit by that notification and claim the game. This we answer in the negative. Having pegged six for what he had in his hand, he could not peg again, even had he alone discovered his error. As to the outsider's action, it is sufficient to remark that A was playing B alone—not B and everybody else in the room. The pointing-out of the error did not show that B had won or could subsequently win the game. It simply showed that he *might* have won it, and was an unkindness, to say the least. If A could peg out, B lost the game.

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THE RING.

CHALLENGE TO DWYER AND OTHERS

The following came to hand just before going to press, and from its tenor, no less than its valuable inclosure, it is evident that the challenger is very much in earnest in his desire to get on a match with the Brooklyn boxer, or any other big 'un who is willing to "have a go." We have no doubt that Dwyer will avail himself of the opportunity here presented to become a principal to a match which cannot but be productive of much interest:

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* I hereby challenge John Dwyer to fight me a glove fight for one thousand dollars a side, according to the rules of the prize ring, barring wrestling; time and place of fighting to be agreed at the time of signing articles. If Mr. Dwyer fails to accept this I will fight Joe Goss or Paddy Ryan, or any other man in America. To show that I mean business, I send fifty dollars as a deposit, and it not accepted in six weeks, please return the deposit to James M. Farrelly, Russ House, San Francisco, Cal. Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE F. SMITH.

THE FIGHT NEAR LEICESTER, ENG.—Oct. 15, at the Leicestershire (Eng.) Quarter Sessions, John Orton and William Burrows, both of Leicester, were charged with unlawfully assembling at Aylestone Oct. 4, to fight. Twelve others were charged with aiding and abetting. It was proved that on the second day of the Leicester races the party assembled in an unoccupied building at the back of some new houses at Aylestone road, and a ring was formed. Both combatants had gloves on, and after fought in the presence of nearly two hundred spectators until the police arrived. Mr. Jaques contended that it was only a sparring match. The chairman held that it was a prize fight, and the jury found accordingly. Mr. Jaques was granted a case for the Superior Courts to decide whether glove fights came within the rule of prize fighting. Defendants were liberated on bail.

MIKE DONOVAN is doing finely in San Francisco, which city he likes exceedingly well. His engagement at the Bella Union Theatre is for five weeks, and there was at last advices a prospect of another boxer being substituted for Harry Maynard as his opponent, the latter finding fault because Mike hits him too hard. Donovan also picks up a good many dollars by teaching. He says that if McClellan wants to meet him in the East during the coming season he will have to make a match for $1,000 a side; but if Mac will go to San Francisco he (Donovan) will guarantee a purse of $2,000 for them to contend for.

JOHNNY CLARK, finding it impossible at present to procure a suitable hall whereat to give a sparring and athletic entertainment in this city, has abandoned the idea and returned to the Quaker City and business. He wishes us to thank Patsy Sheppard and other Bostonians for courtesies shown him on his late visit to the Hub

BILLY EDWARDS desires us to contradict the statement that he had engaged in business in Nassau street, this city, as he is not in any way interested in that concern or any other, the proprietor being another party bearing the same name.

A GLOVE FIGHT for a £25 cup was to have taken place between John Dodd and Thomas Henry at Salford, Eng., Oct. 14, but was prevented by the police.

JACK SUDAM will take a benefit at Clarendon Hall, Providence, R. I., Nov. 5, winding up with Tommy Drohan of Boston.

JOHN CONNOLLY has opened sparring rooms at Washington and Lagrange streets, Boston, Mass.

CIRCUSES.

Continued from page 255.

SLIGHT ACCIDENT.—While Elise Dockrill was riding a hurdle-act with the London Show in Greenpoint, L. I., Oct. 22, her horse stumbled and threw her over his head, cutting the side of her face. Owing to the shock to her nervous system, she was unable to appear later in the evening, as billed.

THE PROPOSED LEAPING-MATCH between Frank A. Gardner and William H. Batcheller has fallen through, and the principals have agreed to withdraw the money deposited. After the closing of the Cole Show Mr. Batcheller came on here, according to agreement, and met Mr. Gardner in Jersey City on Oct. 25; but as one wanted to leap off low blocks and the other off high ones, they failed to come to terms.

DAVID R. HAWLEY, gymnast, leaves this city Nov. 2 for San Francisco, Cal., and on his arrival there commences an engagement at Woodward's Garden.

WILLIAM H. BATCHELLER the leaper leaves New York Oct. 30 for Havana, Cuba, under engagement for four weeks with the Orrin Brothers.

ANN E. LEAK (THOMSON), who arrived in New York from Valparaiso, Chili, Oct. 21, has gone to her home, 2,505 Hamilton street, Philadelphia, Pa. She had been performing with Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus, and brings home a baby eight months old.

SELLS BROTHERS' SEVEN-ELEPHANT SHOW performed in Ashtabula, O., Oct. 21, Painesville 22, New London 23, Shelly 24, Cardington 25, Marysville 26, and there closed their season. The show went into Winter quarters in Columbus 27. A correspondent sent us information, which was published in our past issue, that this show had closed their season at Topeka, Kas., and gone into Winter-quarters there. It was the James Anderson show that he intended to mention.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS, we learn by private advices dated Lima, Peru, Sept. 9, had recently played three weeks in that city and two in Callao, to good business.

W. C. COUP'S EQUESCURICULUM appears likely to become a favorite place of resort in Philadelphia, and its increasingly popular character was well attested by the attendance during the week ending Oct. 26. Manager Coup has a handsome tally-ho coach, drawn by four spirited black horses, in which he recently treated a delegation of the newspaper fraternity to a ride through Fairmount Park. Prof. Goroux will be added to the attractions at the Equescuriculum 28.

PETER CONKLIN, clown, whose address find in another column, has returned home to Philadelphia, after closing a successful season with Burr Robbins' Show.

CHARLEY WHITNEY, the excursion-agent of Forepaugh's Show, is enjoying a vacation in Philadelphia, and expects to go out next season with the same party.

CAMPBELL'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE canceled all engagements, and closed the season at North East, Erie County, Pa., Oct. 21, and have gone into Winter-quarters at that place. Our Erie correspondent says: "They have contracted with L. S. & M. S. R. R. to store their cars at Moorhead Siding until May 1, 1879, for $200, and have rented buildings from E. Fuller. This is the first circus that has chosen North East for Winter-quarters."

COL. MCINTYRE'S GREAT EASTERN MUSEUM was in Bridgeport, Ct., last week, and reported to be doing good business. They go East as far as St. John, N. B. The show consists of Col. McIntyre, the snake-armed man; L. A. Turner, ventriloquist; Prof. Chas. Smith and trained pig; a Circassian lady, and a large snake.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS exhibited in Newark, N. J., Oct. 26, to fair business. Their route is New Brunswick 28, Trenton 29, Franklin 30, and close the season in Germantown, Pa., 31.

CHICUS MEN will, no doubt, be edified by reading a clowning challenge published in our business department by Johnny Patterson of the London Show.

JENNIE TURNOUR, who concluded her fourth season with John Robinson's Circus recently, left for Havana, Cuba, Oct. 24, to join the Orrin Brothers' Show.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MECHANICS' EXHIBITION, Boston, Mass., which drew a very large attendance during the past week, will positively close Nov. 2 The building, which is to stand till March 1, 1879, will be used for various public purposes.....The Siege of Paris and the Assassination of the Archbishop of Paris are drawing a large number of visitors. Dodworth's Band of New York performed 24, and members of the City Council were present by invitation of the management.....Miss Millie Christine the double-headed nightingale, Count Rosebud, and Baron Littlefinger, the diminutive dwarfs, closed their exhibitions at Horticultural Hall on.....Rev. Elson delivered a lecture on "Curious Facts in Musical History" at the Wesleyan Hall afternoon of 25, under the auspices of the Boston Conservatory of Music.....The twenty-fourth pupils' matinee at the Blish School of Elocution was given at Pickwick Hall afternoon of 24. Mrs. Emma C. Blackard was the principal reader. Miss Louise C. Diebner, formerly of the Globe and Boston Theatres, gives an evening of reading and recitation at Hawthorne Hall 30..... Readings by Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, vocal music by Anna A. Clifford, and humorous characterizations by Frank G. Reynolds will be given in Union Hall 30..... George Riddle opens his series of readings at Hawthorne Hall Nov. 1.....A new course of twelve lectures, readings, and concerts, under the title of Somerset Entertainments, will be given weekly in Tremont Temple, commencing Nov. 7. .....Sidney Woollett commences a series of reading in Hawthorne Hall Dec 4.

PLAYS, WIGS, etc., can be purchased of George S. Thurber, who advertises.

A MARIONETTE EXHIBITION and a panorama of the Centennial are offered for sale cheap by G. Fred Goodwin, whose address find elsewhere.

A PHONOGRAPH is wanted by L. Duly, who advertises.

PROF. J. W. CHURCHILL is billed for recitations at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, 28, 29.

TO THE CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN there have recently been added two giraffes, two jaguars, some ring-tailed monkeys, two Stanley cranes, a large alligator, several anacondas, etc. Large numbers of visitors are in daily attendance.

PROF. J. W. HAYDEN made a balloon ascension from the Cincinnati ball grounds 20.

THE CHICKASAW GUARDS of Memphis, Tenn., drilled in Cincinnati, at the Bellevue House 23 and Highland House 24, before large audiences. They went to Columbus 25, but were to return to Portsopolis and have a competitive drill 28, at the Music Hall, with the Cincinnati Lytle Grays.

G. J. GOLTTHORF advertises magic-lantern slides for sale.

HARRY MORTON, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged as treasurer, and he will invest $500 in the business.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA, which showed in Meriden, Ct., Oct. 23, 24. New Britain 25, 26, is billed in Southington 28, Bristol 29, Collinsville 30. The company is reported as doing a good business and giving satisfaction.

JOSEPH GEIGER is to lecture on "Snapping-turtles" in Cadiz, O., Nov. 5.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Toledo, O., can be rented through J. S. Norton, who advertises that it will seat one thousand persons, is well located, and is furnished with a drop-curtain, scenery, etc.

A PROPERTY-MAN, who is experienced and displays good taste in making properties, is wanted for the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address Wm. E. Sinn, manager.

GOOD MAGICAL APPARATUS is wanted as per card.

J. MAGEZ, manufacturer of banjos and dealer in strings, etc., inserts his card in our business department.

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" (panorama) is to be exhibited in Columbus, O., Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2.

WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASSBLOWERS, who exhibited in Muscatine, Ill., last week, are to be this week in Burlington.

FRANK UFFNER'S MIDGETS—General Mite and Lucia Zarate—are to be exhibited this week in Lockport, N. Y.

MAJOR TOT, dwarf, was on exhibition this week in Buffalo, N. Y., last week.

SIGNOR Bosco, wizard, is to show in Manistee, Mich., Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31, and Ludington Nov. 2, 3, 5.

PROF. WYMAN, wizard, is billed to give six exhibitions in the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., commencing Oct. 28.

HERMANN, prestidigitateur, appeared at the Brooklyn Academy of Music to half houses only on the nights of Oct. 24, 25, 26.

SIDNEY WOOLLETT gave readings in Troy, N. Y., Oct. 21, 26.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted by John F. Hovey, whose address is care of this office.

CURIOSITIES of all kinds are advertised for by "A. A."

CHAS. B. GRISTE is at liberty to accept the position of advance-agent. See card.

HARRY WESTON, business manager, advertises that he is disengaged.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS can secure the Jersey City Opera-house by applying to W. H. Budlong, as per card.

W. J. JUDD'S magical apparatus depot is advertised in this issue.

ROBERT AND MISS HELLER opened a successful engagement in Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 21, and have astonished playgoers with their necromantic skill. Mr. Heller's dexterous manipulations and magical illusions, his remarkable piano-playing, and the insolvable riddle of "second sight" by Miss Heller, all combined to make a refined and interesting entertainment. They remain another week, and open in Washington, D. C., Nov. 4.

H. D. MARKLE advertises for a partner to assist him in running a new panorama of "The Great West."

A STEREOPTICON or sciopticon, with Irish views, is wanted by J. Wallcott. See card.

SCENERY is offered for sale cheap by F. Lowell & Co., whose address find elsewhere.

W. C. SMYTHE of Pittsburg, Pa., has again gone into the show business, having taken Excelsior Hall, Allegheny City, where he will exhibit until after the holidays a panorama of dissolving views of cities in America and Europe. The first entertainment was given on Oct. 24 to a pleased audience.

IN PHILADELPHIA, at the International Exhibition, the special features of attraction are the hops on Wednesday evenings and the sacred concerts on Sunday afternoons, which appear to meet with the hearty approval of crowds of visitors. Henry De Moore has resigned his presidency of this establishment, and the visitors are much exercised about its future management. The electric light, which was successful in drawing large crowds here, has been superseded by gas as the means of illuminating.....The Zoological Garden and International Exhibition were but slightly damaged by the storm on the morning of Oct. 29, which, however, played sad havoc with the theatrical display boards throughout the city..... The Rink will be reopened for roller-skating on Oct. 30.....James E. Murdoch will give a series of Shakspearian lectures, commencing Nov. 4.

BOB CAVELLA, who was seriously injured by a fall from a balloon in Phœnix, Pa., some time ago, was removed to his home in Olean, N. Y. His spine is badly injured, and moving him has deferred his recovery. He states that the limb of the tree which he caught, and from which he fell, was nearer 80 feet from the earth than 50. He thinks he will not be able to resume his profession until April, 1879.

W. H. SHERMAN, having recovered from his illness, can be engaged as advance-agent or business manager. See advertisement.

THE RUSKS, elocutionists and humorists, gave performances in Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 26, under the auspices of the Harmonic Chorus Society..... Mrs. Cutter is giving a series of lectures, medical in their character.....Woodroffe and Gardner, Bohemian glass-blowers, opened 22.....Dr. J. H. Bayless, who has just returned from Europe, lectures 30. Subject: "Over the Sea."

AMATEUR.

AT A MEETING of the Murdoch Dramatic Association of Lynn, Mass., Oct. 23, William Perkins was elected business-manager; Charles W. Thomas, stage-manager; James Carruthers, secretary; and Arthur Holburn, treasurer. Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's drama "Der Goldbauer" will be played at Turn Hall, Boston, Mass., 28 by the German dramatic company, with incidental music by the Germania Band.....The Bradbury Comedy Company commence their season 30 at Turn Hall, presenting "Poynet Arden, or The Criminal Queen," and "The Captain of the Watch."

THE McCULLOUGH Dramatic Company present "Othello" at the same hall 6.

THE ACME DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "A Gentleman from Ireland" and "A Bull in a China Shop" on Oct. 22.....The Wheatley produced "London Assurance" 23.....The Mirror appeared in "Time and the Hour 24".....The Shakespeare presented "Everybody's Friend" 24.....The Boucicault personated "The Willow Copse" 25.

THE COMEDY CLUB, Rochester, N. Y., are to produce "Brass" and "Piquet" Nov. 1.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE," a domestic drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Mrs. A. Bright (Miss Kate Pitt), was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Exeter, Eng., Oct. 4. The piece is full of incidents and surprises, and the interest is admirably sustained throughout. In the prologue, which the scenes are laid in France, we are introduced to the home of Nicholas and Suzanne Aycard, who have been brought to the lowest depths of poverty through the prodigacy of their son, Gustave, who is married to the heroine of the piece, Haydee, a lady by birth and education, but compelled to gain a livelihood with her needle in consequence of the reduced circumstances her brutal husband was brought to, and who is now undergoing a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment for embezzlement and forgery. He, however, makes his escape from prison, and appears at his parents' home. They provide him with fashionable dress, and his wife gives him a valuable ring, an heirloom of her family, ere they part, "never to meet again." The escaped convict goes to America. Towards the close of this act a letter arrives from an old friend offering Haydee a situation as companion in an English family in Worcestershire. This she accepts, and the prologue is brought to a close on an interesting picture, the crier in the streets offering a reward of two thousand francs for the apprehension of Gustave Aycard, the escaped criminal. In the first act of the drama we see Haydee comfortably settled in the family of the Lord Mayor of Worcester, a widower, and his only child, Blanche, who is acting as a companion and a chaperone to his eldest daughters. Here, in trying to forget her past misery, she allows herself almost imperceptibly to listen to the love-inspiring words breathed forth by Cecil Manwaring, who is deeply in love with her. He is an intimate friend of the Graysons, and heir to a noble but encumbered estate, and, after a severe mental struggle between duty and honor, she acknowledges her love and promises to become his wife. In the second act it is made known to her that Minnie Grayson is devotedly attached to Cecil Manwaring. Here Haydee's noble nature is made manifest, and she resolves to sacrifice her own feelings and affection by breaking off the engagement. Just as she has decided to adopt this course her husband returns, having tracked her under her assumed name of Madame Regnard. He has deeply repented of his past life, and endeavors to make amends for the future. He has already secured a position of trust and confidence in a mercantile firm in Canada, and entreats Haydee to accompany him thither. She begs him to give her time to consider his proposition, and in the last scene of the act she is breaking off the engagement with Cecil, and about to tell him the whole truth, when her husband unexpectedly appears on the scene, and brings matters to a climax. In the last act we learn that Cecil has been suffering from a dangerous illness, attending the severe shock to his mental system. Under the skillful treatment of his friend Dr. Lennard he has been restored to health, thanks, in no small measure, to the unremitting attentions of Minnie Grayson. The old love and attachment he had previously formed for her revives, and he demands her hand from old Grayson, a self-made man, who is not pleased at linking his daughter to one of the ancient noblesse. He consents, however, and the play ends with the departure of Haydee to fulfill her new duties with her repentant husband in Canada, after a final interview with Cecil, in which she begs him to follow the profession and literary pursuits he had commenced at her instigation, reminding him, with chastened spirit, to be true to the motto of his family, "Noblesse Oblige." Miss Carlotta Leclercq personated Haydee, and John Nelson was the Gustave.

"THE LADY OF LYONS MARRIED AND SETTLED," a "new and original gaiety," in three scenes, from the pen of Hermann G. Merivale, was first acted Oct. 5 at the Gaiety Theatre, London. The first scene represents "The Marble Halls," the home of "The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled." Unsettled, perhaps, would have been the more correct term, for Claude has in residence his mamma, who is unmistakably proud of "my son the Colonel," and his imperious mother-in-law, Madame Deschappelles. Pauline is also in love a second time, the object of her affections being the pretty Babette, his wife's laundress. He has taken to philosophical pursuits in order to hide this love; he dabbles in poetry, which he manufactures on the lawn, and thereby lays claim to the title of the Lawn Tennis-son. He is also the victim of certain—we should say curtain—lectures; and Pauline, it is plain, has a very humdrum sort of existence. There is to be a garden-party at the "Marble Halls," and at it Claude arranges a meeting with Babette at the Golden Lion Beauseong, still determined to possess Pauline, makes use of his knowledge of Claude's secret to advance his suit. When Claude has gone on his love-errand, Pauline naturally inquires what has become of him. Having indulged in a little flirtation with Beauseong, she determines to follow Claude, and has arrived in the first scene, before departing thanks Heaven that she has not lately cut her nails. At the Golden Lion, in the second scene we are witnesses of the love-making between Claude and Babette, Pauline, and Beauseong indulging in brandy and soda in the arbor, and eagerly scanning the proceedings. Babette then—like Pauline of the play—is trotted off to the "lonely hut" of Claude's mamma, and to this they are followed by the long-forgiving wife. He has painted of her the worst picture she has ever seen. She has forgiven him that. He has written for her the worst poetry she has ever read. She has forgiven him that. She has even forgiven him for presenting her with a hated mother-in-law. Shall she forgive him his perfidy? Never! She cannot—she will not—pardon him for making love to her washerwoman! There ensues a terrible quarrel between the rival ladies, but all comes right in the end; Babette, who has found a valuable prize in the village lottery, accepting the love—the interested love—of Beauseong, who imagines that all the la ies in creation should by right be his.

THE GAS employed for the production of lime-light at the Greenwich (Eng.) Theatre exploded Oct. 7. It caused a tremendous explosion, extinguished the lights, and filled the place with dust and smoke. There was much alarm for a few minutes, and a rush to the doors. Fortunately, no one was injured.

MLLE. SCHNEIDER has signed an engagement with the manager of the Gaite, France, and is to play Chou-Chon in "Grace de Dieu."

HENRY NEVILLE has engaged himself to the Adelphi management for a period of two years, commencing the latter part of February.

THE STRAND THEATRE, London, reopened Oct. 7 with the regular company and a bill consisting of "Our Club" and "Nemesis."

AN ENTERPRISING English manager has hired the American Circus at Paris, and, after complete redecoration, proposes to reopen it with a troupe of monkeys, ponies and learned dogs.

MUSICAL.

TONY JENNINGS, musician, died at Bristol, Eng., Oct. 7. The deceased was the last of the band of musicians that traveled with Wombwell's Menagerie, some fifty years ago, when one of the lions escaped and attacked the horses of the stage-coach on Salisbury Plain. He also, many years ago, was the favorite clarionet-player with the far-famed Richardson's Show.

FRATLIEN OLDEN achieved a great triumph on the occasion of her debut as Fidelio at Frankfort, Germany.

VARIETY HALLS.

MR. LOIBL'S compensation from the Metropolitan Board of Works for the London (Eng.) Pavilion, in the interests of a new street, has been fixed by the arbitrator at £109,300. This sums represents the freehold and the "good will" of the establishment. The profits during the last year have been estimated at £15,000.

PETRIE AND FISH and the Landis Brothers, song-and-dance artists on skates, are performing in London.

CIRCUSES.

"THE NIBELUNGEN" is to be performed on horseback at the Circus Renz, Berlin, Germany. What will Wagner say to this?

A STARTLING REVELATION was made at the Hammersmith (Eng.) Police Court Oct. 4, during the hearing of an assault case. The complainant—a Mrs. Annie Tingle Sanderson—informed the magistrate that she had traveled all over the world with her daughter, who was a contortated artist—a gymnast known by the name of Miss Victoria, the "Queen of the High Wire." The defendant was not the girl's father. She fell while performing in Berlin, and was killed. The photograph produced was the picture of their manager, who had since confessed that he caused her daughter to fall, having loosened the wire and not from motives of revenge. That manager has since been drowned.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

ERNEST LINDEN, female impersonator, is still with Sam Hague's Minstrels in Manchester, Eng.

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HARRY WESTON,
BUSINESS-MANAGER, DISENGAGED.
32 1t* Address, 12 Clinton place, New York.

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—Kansas, Colorado and Black Hills.—Wanted, a good, honest business man to take half-interest; one who plays organ preferred; only small capital needed; panorama now being painted. Address H. D. MARKLE, care of Box 1,189, Bloomington, Ill. 32-1t*

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FOR DICK OGLESBY'S BELLRINGERS—
LEADER OF BRASS BAND that can play second violin, AND LADY BALLAD SINGERS.
MUST BE FIRST-CLASS.
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HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
EVERY EVENING AT 8.
LOTTA, LOTTA, LOTTA, LOTTA,
in Olive Logan's version of MM. Meilhac and Halevy's Parisian and London success
LA CIGALE, LA CIGALE, LA CIGALE, LA CIGALE,
with new scenery by GEO. HEISTER. Music by CHAS. CHRISTRUP and new orchestra, including ARTHUR BENT, solo cornet, and a powerful cast, including Messrs. FREDERIC ROBINSON (his first appearance here), C. D. Sainsbridge, Ed. Marble, James Dunn, H. B. Bradley, F. Bennett, Fred Percy, Mrs. Charles Poole, and Miss Agnes Proctor.
Due notice will be given of the production of MISS LOTTA'S great specialties
MUSETTE AND ZIP.
N. B.—No matinee during LOTTA'S engagement. 32-1t

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AN ENTIRE NEW COMPANY. NO OLD ACTS, NO OLD FACES. EVERYTHING NEW.
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THE SHAMROCK GUARDS,
FLORA MOORE, the sweet-singer of Ireland,
BILLY ARLINGTON, the renowned minstrel and comic lecturer.
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CLARK AND ED. EDWARDS, the new comic couple.
FOLEY AND SHEFFER, Ethiopian comedians.
THE DUNCAN SISTERS, musical sketch artists.
BARLOW BROTHERS, eccentric grotesques.
THE PEARLEYS, Irish sketch artists.
MURPHY AND MORTON, refined vocalists and dancers.
TONY PASTOR'S LATEST SONGS,
"THE EVENING RAILROAD" "TONY'S CHOICE FOR MAYOR," AND "WHERE WAS MOSES?"
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Be sure and come early.
CROSSLEY AND ELDER
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POPULAR PRICES ON BROADWAY.
RESERVED SEATS (in Parquet or Balcony), 50 cents.
ELIZABETH VON STAMWITZ in her original character of MESSALINA THE ROMAN EMPRESS.
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GEORGE KNIGHT AND COMBINATION in Marsden's local musical drama of OTTO, A GERMAN 32-1t

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EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEE at 1.30 P. M.
JOSEPH K. EMMET AS FRITZ.
Positively only two weeks longer. Seats secured for remainder of engagement.
Saturday evening, Nov. 9, the entire stock company in the new drama
ALMOST A LIFE. 32 1t

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LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE COUNTESS BOZENTA.

MODJESKA	MODJESKA
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AS FROU-FROU.
D. H. HARKINS (first time this season) DE SARTORYS.

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MISS EMMA LAKE,
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Premiere Equestrienne.
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WM. MORGAN,
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Unprecedented, peerless concentration of
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FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY
EXPERIENCED ARTISTS.
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IN THE TWO ORPHANS.
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SATURDAY, TWO ORPHANS MATINEE.
Only first-class stars wishing dates will apply as above.
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Variety artists of recognized ability only engaged.
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can secure dates by addressing
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NOVELTY THEATRE,
FIFTH STREET AND SOUTH FOURTH,
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WISHING DATES,
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Artists wishing dates will apply immediately and state lowest salary. Address as above. 30-1t-tf

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235 AND 237 BOWERY,
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THEATRE OPEN
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ARTISTS OF ABILITY AND REPUTATION
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THREE GOOD MUSICIANS,
A PIANIST, A VIOLINIST, and a CLARIONETTIST, wish situations.
Write G. P., 1,116 Callowhill st.,
32-1t* Philadelphia.

NOTICE.
TO HIRAM PLATTNER,
or whom it may concern. I hereby give notice that I obtained through the Circuit Court of Detroit, Mich., a divorce from Hiram Plattner August, 1878. A copy of the above has been forwarded to his former residence.
32-1t* ELLA PLATTNER.

DUDLEY CLARK,
the only black Dutchman in America, now with Lew Johnson, made a big hit in the Lake Superior country. 32-1t*

THE GREAT VICTORELLIS—
HENRY AND ELDON—
and MISS A BRADDON
have made the greatest hits ever known. Re-engaged everywhere. Our acts are lightning. No old slow ones. Now at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland. First open date, Jan. 27, 1879. 32-1t*

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LEW JOHNSON & J. H ROSS' JUBILEE COMBINATION are doing a big business in D. Terr. The company consists of 17 people: W. Henderson, leader of brass band and orchestra; W. Hunster, second B cornet; F. Zanmys, B cornet; C. C. Hairs, trombone; E. M. Rector, tenor; C. Williams, 2d tenor; W. F. Hairs, alto; L. Smith, tuba; R. Johnson and S. Tevis, drums; P. Goodchilde, A. Marshall, Mrs. Mattie Marshall and Miss Ophelia Colman. Lew Johnson, Business manager; J. H. Ross, Agent. 32-1t*

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HOWARD CLIFT

HIS IDEA OF EDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Contented? Of course I'm contented:
Did ever your eyes behold
Such comfort as here is presented
To a bachelor, crusty and old?

For all the possessions of Adam,
Under his fig tree and vine,
I wouldn't exchange, if I had 'em,
These comfortable quarters of mine!

Here's Eden itself in a parlor—
The Eden that meets my ideas,
Void of the beasts that would snarl, or
The bugs that would crawl in your ears.

There no prohibition in choosing
The fruit your fancies prefer,
No wily serpent diffusing
False doctrines, creating a stir.

Pray, what were the pleasure of plucking
An apple before it is ripe
Compared to the solace of sucking
This old and odorous pipe?

Or what were the taste of pomegranate
By the side of coffee and cake?
Or a Eve, from Eden—now can it
Compare with a tenderloin steak?

To sleep in a bower might answer
For Adam, who relished such things—
He lived in the tropic of Cancer—
But give me a mattress, with springs!

And evenings in Eden—how stupid,
With nowhere to go but to bed;
I would rather surrender to Cupid
Than lead such a life as he led!

No races, no clubs, no regattas,
No politics, theatres nor squibs—
Could a world devoid of these matters
Be paradise unto his nibs?

Give me just what I have—this bay-window,
These quarters exquisitely nice,
My books, and my pipe, and, sin though
I may, it is still Paradise!

But in one thing my garden is lacking—
What is that you would have me believe?
It's thistles and roses ransacking,
My Eden is minus an Eve.

Well, now, I declare, this is taunting—
You crusty, you chronic old snarler,
The very one thing that is wanting
Makes Paradise out of my parlor!

CORA'S BOUQUET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CARL CARLETON.

As the clock struck, my wife came in, ready-dressed for outdoors.

"Well, Charles, it is time."

I looked up from my review with a dreary yawn.

"Indeed, Cora, I can't accompany you to the theatre to-night. The very thought of the place sickens me. Gordon will be here presently, and will be glad to take you, as usual."

"You promised, Charles, and this is the last night of the piece, and you need not come till the end of the fourth act," she replied, almost imploringly. "Besides, I—I do not wish to go with Mr. Gordon, Charles. It looks so strange to be always in his company, and people gossip. You can't think how painful it is."

"Let them gossip, Cora. Gordon is a gentleman, and my best friend, and if I choose to trust you with him I suppose it is no one's business but my own."

I was not at all in an amiable mood; I, too, had heard some of this malicious chat of the coulisses, and chose to defy it.

The door-bell rang and a servant announced Mr. Seymour Gordon. My wife glanced at me pleadingly—it was her last appeal.

"Admit him," said I resolutely.

Gordon entered smilingly. Instantly he saw there was something in the wind, and his dark eyes met my wife's for a second with an expression I had never seen in them before; but it passed before I could fathom rest, and was gone.

When they had gone I recalled that swift glance, and somehow it annoyed me. I tried to recover my interest in the review, but could not. I went out and took a long walk—tried billiards, but it was no use: that momentary flash of a pair of handsome and dangerous eyes—unfathomable, a little sinister—rankled in my memory, and I could think of nothing else.

I went to the theatre, walking more quickly the nearer I drew. Just as I entered the stage-door I heard the heavy thump of the curtain-pole as it struck the stage, marking the close of an act, followed quickly by a rumble like thunder, which I knew came from the auditorium. Down the passage on the right I passed, reaching the prompter's desk.

"What act was that?"

"The fourth, sir. Your wife is recalled."

The fourth? How time had flown. Looking out from the proscenium door I saw the curtain drawn on the other side, and my wife emerge and approach the footlights with a pallid smile. There was a movement in the stalls, and I saw a gentleman stand up and pass forward a bouquet—that person was my friend Seymour Gordon.

Cora seemed for a second petrified—the applause was louder—mechanically she took the flowers, courtesied deeply again, and went off, while I continued to stand there in a dream. Coming to myself, I went to her dressing-room and entered without knocking. Her maid was there, and on a table lay the bouquet.

"Your wife is gone away, sir, in a carriage."

I heard without distinctly understanding. A vague sense of unknown misery filled my breast, and mechanically I took up the flowers and smelled them, and a note dropped from them at my feet.

Cora.—All is arranged. We take the train for Canada to-night, and the steamer at Halifax. I have secured a state-room by telegraph. Meet me without a moment's delay. I use this means to communicate with you to avoid suspicion. S. G.

The globe seemed reeling under my feet. So! I was fully punished—she was gone.

"You are not well, sir," said the woman, frightened at my ghastly face.

"Yes—ah—no—that is, not very well; a little faint, but it will pass off."

I staggered into the street, and how I reached home I do not know. My servant gave me a note, which had been left an hour before. The handwriting I knew.

CHARLES RUTLAND.—When this reaches you, your wife, under my protection, will be far away, and no longer under the blighting influence of your neglect. As a gentleman, it is due that I should offer you the satisfaction of one; but this being impossible in your own country, I announce that if you will follow me across the ocean I will give you a meeting on the Continent, or wherever you may select. SEYMOUR GORDON.

Could there be such a villain! I had trusted him as a brother. And Cora—the awful truth of his words smote me: "the blighting influence of my neglect."

I cannot describe how I passed that long and dreadful night, nor tell how many times I was tempted to summarily end my torture in the blackness of darkness. Perhaps it was this fear, or some mad vengeance—I knew not what—that sustained me through that tremendous crisis; at all events, when morning dawned I was once more a sane man.

Well, she was gone—forever—and now what should that revenge I meditated be? I was no duelist—so much the better; he should kill me, and she would know how wildly I had loved her, after all. I made a pretense of breakfast, recollected there were servants in the house with sharp eyes and mischievous tongues, and, carelessly as I could, I said:

"Bring me the paper, please, Clewson. Mrs. Rutland will not be at home for some days. She left last night to fill an unexpected engagement."

I don't think he suspected. The newspaper was brought and placed in my hands, and my eye wandered listlessly over the printed pages. All at once my attention was smitten, as it were, with the following:

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—By reference to our telegraphic columns it will be seen that there was a terrible accident to the train on the —— Railroad, leaving at 11.15 last night. The train, which was composed of ordinary cars and two sleeping-coaches, was derailed near Hartman's Run and thrown down the embankment into the run, where, the cars taking fire, a frightful catastrophe ensued. The run, it seems, was frozen over, and while a portion of the train was submerged beneath the ice, the remainder, resting in a shallower spot, was rapidly consumed by the flames. It is impossible to tell how many lives have been lost; but inquiry at the agency of the Pullman Company, in this city, shows that there were twenty-one persons booked for the coaches of that company attached to the train. We give the list below.

I read those names, and among them saw "Seymour Gordon and wife."

I was stunned. In my ears rang those appalling words of the scripture: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" Cut down in the very blossom of their sin; not a moment of preparation, not time to cry for mercy!

Half an hour later I was speeding to the scene of the wreck. I shall never forget that sight on that bitter Winter morning. But my worst inference was true; most of the corpses had already been taken out, charred and mangled beyond any possibility of recognition.

Why should I linger there? Useless now, useless also to think of the past, more so to plan for the future; but a lonely life before me—lonely, lonely! I wept in my solitude some bitter tears.

At length came the thought of others. Grief is as selfish as love. I recollected the quiet farm-house in the country, where I had first met her who had once been so dear to me, now lost—the two old people there from whom I had taken her; they must still be ignorant of this dreadful occurrence: for them the words in the newspaper, "Seymour Gordon and wife," could have had but little meaning except as a record of such griefs as are so published every day, and hardly attract a passing thought.

Saddened, no more the same man—perhaps now growing a little resigned—I started upon my dismal journey to bring me upon that peaceful and undreaming household. I still remember the pretty rural landscape as I stepped out upon the platform at the station. It was one of those balmy days which come sometimes in the very depth of Winter, when the warm sun turns the snow into little rivulets, when the grass turns again to a bright green, and you can almost fancy you hear the songs of birds.

Slowly I took my way across the meadows to the quiet and demure lane I remembered so well, where I had walked in the Summer evenings in the sombre shadow of the files of trees, with Cora, so many times. The trees were barren now. Among their skeleton branches I heard the harsh cawing of crows.

Emerging from the lane and stepping upon the higher ground, I saw the old farmhouse in its mantle of snow. The silence of desolation brooded there; and, as I approached, no living thing appeared. And, Heaven knows, even the sight of a dog—of honest "Fun," my clumsy old friend—would have been some relief.

But I went on and reached the porch, where the honeysuckle-vines still writhed and clung. Stopping a moment to obtain full command over myself, I turned the knob and entered. The little sitting-room, I remarked, was on the left, and, opening that door also, I looked in. Someone was standing before the fire—the pose of the figure reminded me of another, and involuntarily I uttered a little cry. The figure turned instantly in alarm, and I saw—my wife!

I did not faint; but stood for a few seconds with outstretched hands, beating the apparition off; and then she was in my arms, her heart pulsing to the bewildered gladness of mine, and in my ears I heard the music of that voice I had thought buried forever, saying:

"O Charley! I am so glad! I am so glad!"

The rest is like a dream. I uttered some incoherent words—his name, the bouquet, the letter—and she could not answer but in sobs. After a while, thank God, we were more ourselves, and her story was told.

Gordon had been adroitly playing the tempter for a long time without actually committing himself, and she had been afraid to warn me distinctly that he was a dangerous man and meant mischief, having no real ground to go on, and dreading to assert that of which there was no tangible proof. But on the eventful night of this story he had observed the misunderstanding between us, and found nerve to utter the worst—he showed her how their names were already coupled in the scandal of the theatre, how she was already hopelessly compromised; evil and unfounded things he hinted of me, and finally proposed an elopement that night. Cora was so frightened that she could not utter a word, and he interpreted her silence favorably. She went through the performance that evening hardly understanding where she was or a word she spoke. When she was recalled by the audience, at the end of the fourth act, which concluded her share in the play, and he handed her the bouquet, in the middle of which she saw the note, as the musicians saw it, for they smiled meaningly, she felt on the point of fainting. She did not even read that infamous message, but, mechanically handing it to her maid, ran to the stage-door, still in the costume of the play, and, calling a carriage, got in and ordered the driver to take her to the depot.

In her terror of Gordon and distrust of me—having already evidence of my infatuated friendship for him—her impulse was to find safety with her parents in the country; and so she took the train for her old home at twelve o'clock that night.

Gordon was never heard of after the accident, so I suppose he perished. His note to me was left at the house, after all his arrangements for the elopement had been completed, such as engaging the places in the train and steamship for himself and Cora, who was to pass as his wife; but in all this he reckoned too confidently; and when he found at the decisive moment that Cora had disappointed him, he had no alternative but to make his journey to Europe alone, or to remain and wait my vengeance, or, what he perhaps dreaded more, the ridicule of his friends over his ludicrous *contretemps*. So he sped away on that fatal express which landed its passengers in some other world than ours.

Cora and I returned to the city, and the first object that met our eyes upon entering the dining-room was the bouquet upon the mantelpiece, where I had placed it when I brought it home with me, almost unconsciously, that memorable night. You may think it a curious piece of sentiment, but I have had those flowers preserved, and although years have passed, and the roses and geraniums and the rest are very dim now and covered with dust, I still keep that bouquet and value it, for it reminds me of something I do not wish to forget. Not of how dear Cora should be to me, for she is so, and nothing can alter that; but of that dreadful time when I thought I had lost her by my indifference and neglect. And so in this there is a lesson—one of those lessons in life which, trite as they grow after a while, wise people keep always before them.

THE HAIR IN MY INKSTAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

This bit of autobiography shall possess at least the merit of truthfulness. I will begin, therefore, by frankly confessing that I deserved the sound thrashing which, in my apron-days, I received at the hands of Miss Downer. That estimable lady had been shocked by beholding me appear at school with my pinafore, which was a continual thorn in my side, turned wrong side foremost. I had tried the experiment in the hope that it would lessen the garment's resemblance to a girl's apron. But I had been unsuccessfully more than I hated aprons. Next to running away to sea, I regarded a jacket, such as Tommy Avery wore, the limit of my earthly ambition. As I could not get the jacket, I determined at least that I would make my apron button in front, instead of behind. So I turned it. Of course I was discovered, and when I rushily rendered the offense my teacher considered it her duty to double the thrashing.

Miss Downer was assisted in teaching the young idea to shoot by a very long and flexible rattan. This she produced when the school had been dismissed, and, in a voice which made me doubly apprehensive from its softness, bade me to "hold out" my hand. I did so, keeping my elbow as near my spine as possible. She administered the blows with conscientious rapidity. I received them with as good grace as I could muster.

"There," said she at last, "that is for changing your pinafore. Now I will punish you for telling me a falsehood. Hold out your other hand."

But here came deliverance from an unexpected source. A knock at the door caused Miss Downer to pause with uplifted arm.

"You may see who is there," she said.

I obeyed very willingly. The door opened upon Joel Griswell. Joel was a member of the School Committee, and opposed corporeal punishment. So Miss Downer permitted me to go without the extra flogging. I went, breathing blessings upon the head of Joel Griswell. Outside the schoolhouse I met Carrie Leonard, who had evidently been waiting my coming.

"Did she hurt you much, Nathaniel?" inquired Carrie sympathetically.

Sympathy was something which at that moment I did not want. So I answered sulkily:

"No, she didn't. I aint afraid of her!"

"Did you put resin on your hands?" continued Carrie, walking along at my side.

"Pshaw! That wouldn't do any good."

"Wouldn't it? It was real mean of her to whip you just for turning your apron. I'd turn mine if I wanted to."

That was the most unkindest cut of all. The slightest reference to my pinafore made me wince; to have it put in the same category with a girl's apron was unbearable.

"She won't never whip me again," said I desperately. "I'm going to Africa!"

Carrie's blue eyes opened wide with wonder.

"Why, what are you going to do there, Nathaniel?"

"Drive camels!" I answered with a fierceness which I felt sure would have befitted a jacket, or even a coat with tails. "I aint coming to school any more. They don't have schools in Africa, and there aint any Miss Downers there, either. You may have my geography if you want it. There's one leaf gone with the map of New Zealand, but the dog don't hurt it much. I hadn't have to study any more lessons, and Miss Downer won't get any more apples from me. You can tell her so, if you want to."

Carrie looked up timidly.

"When are you going, Nathaniel?"

"Pretty soon," said I evasively, but still fiercely. "Maybe I'll send you back some diamonds and an elephant, when I get there."

"But you'll never know algebra, nor Latin nor Greek, in Africa," suggested Carrie dissuasively.

"I don't want to know 'em!" said I decisively. "I hate schools and books and teachers, and that's the reason I'm going."

We had come to the fork in the road where Carrie's homeward course diverged from mine, and here, halting a moment, she said:

"I'll see you again, won't I, Nathaniel?"

"Yes, I guess so," I answered, moving away. "You'll see me once more before I start."

For reasons which it is not here necessary to explain, I did not go to Africa. Time quenched the desire to become a driver of camels, and even reconciled me so far to algebra, Latin and Greek, that I galloped over the first and "ponied" through the latter. And it was not in the Desert of Sahara, but in the counting-room of Heller, Hoyt & Carman, wholesale dealers in metals and tinware, that I found myself destined to labor. No longer in aprons; no longer, alas! In that contented state of mind where the possession of a jacket fulfilled my uttermost desire. What ambition burned within me now? What new Africa opened up to me its glorious visions of wealth and camels? At four-and-twenty I had grown wiser than Miss Downer, and was prepared to launch, in anapestic verse, with "heart" rhymed to "part," that I had loved, but should never love again. Still, I kept my books with tolerable accuracy, and, by degrees, absorbed something of the nature of the metals in which Heller, Hoyt & Carman dealt. I desired riches rather than fame, and reflected that I might marry a fortune. This, then, was the Africa which opened up to me at four-and-twenty.

That Summer I spent my week's vacation at Penhamville. The place had changed little since the days when I wore aprons and profited by the instructions of Miss Downer. That worthy lady herself had put aside the rattan and mental arithmetic, and gone to India as the wife of a missionary. When my mother informed me that Carrie Leonard was to become the teacher of the school, I thought how thankful the children of Penhamville ought to be that they did not live in India.

The transition from Orange County milk and boarding-house butter to the cleanliness and abundance of my mother's table was most delightful. Pleasant, too, was it to sit on the breezy piazza of the old house and dream through the August days, while the sterner strivings of the mind resolved themselves into a rosy mist; pleasant to watch the shadows of the leaves upon the deep, green grass, to hear the full-throated robins whistle tunefully, to catch the fruity odor of the trees, and to drink in long draughts of the health-giving air. I sat thus, tasting the sweets of idleness, on the day after my arrival in Penhamville, when Carrie Leonard came up the garden-walk. In her cool, white dress, with its dainty trimmings of blue, she seemed wholly in keeping with the freshness of the scene. Not pretty, I thought; for her features were not what we call regular, while her mouth was a trifle too large, albeit wonderfully mobile. Yet, if not pretty, fresh, rosy, charming; withal, lovable. Had any man learned to love her, I wondered.

Our greeting might have been that of a brother and a sister but for the absence of a kiss.

"Why, Nathaniel! Where in the world did you come from? I'm ever so glad to see you!"

Her hand grasped mine cordially, and we stood thus, while I answered:

"Thank you. I came from that part of the world called New York, and I am delighted to meet you, Carrie."

"How long it seems since you went away!"

With this she dropped my hand, and, stepping back, looked at me intently, from my slipper-ed feet to my Panama hat. This rather pleased me, for I affected something of the fop in my dress. Her sudden outburst of laughter, however, disconcerted me, and I asked:

"What is it, Carrie? Do you find my personal appearance so ludicrous?"

"Oh, no," she answered, endeavoring to master her merriment. "Only I was thinking how funny you would look if you wore aprons now."

When I went back to the counting-room of Heller, Hoyt & Carman I carried with me, like a fragrant odor, the memory of those few days which had been spent with Carrie Leonard.

I promised at the outset that this bit of autobiography should possess at least the virtue of truthfulness. Let me keep faith with myself, though it brings the hot blood of shame to my cheek. It was on the second of October, a date forever fixed in my memory, that Richard Morse, our shipping-clerk, came to me and said:

"Nat, if I had a thousand dollars in cash I could quadruple it in three days."

"How?" I inquired, with an interest not wholly assumed.

"Little Valley and Round Bend!" was the enigmatic response.

"What do you mean by that?"

"L. V. and R. B.," rejoined Morse, shaking his head mysteriously. "Sure thing, if a man had the money. Selling at thirty-one and a quarter to-day, and will be worth one-twenty-five by Saturday. I know it from the best sources. Never was such a chance on the street before, and never will be again."

"Speculating in stocks is risky business," said I, unwilling to confess the fascination which the idea possessed for me at that moment.

"Very true," answered Morse, "but this is not speculation; this is a certainty. L. V. and R. B. will go up to one-twenty-five by Saturday; mark my words. And if I had a thousand dollars in cash to-day, I could turn it into four thousand with perfect ease and absolute safety."

Most men, I fancy, are prone to extenuate their own evil deeds by laying temptation at the door of circumstance. Why, on that particular October day, should Morse have spoken to me of stock-speculation? It was a subject which had never before entered unto my thoughts—one concerning which I was innocently ignorant. I knew nothing of Little Valley and Round Bend; nothing of Wall street or its business (the only purchase I had ever made on that thoroughfare was a set of collar-studs from the old man in front of the Treasury Building); and the nomenclature of the bulls and bears was to me more difficult of translation than even the parchment which made Nathaniel Pease an A. B. And again, why, on the afternoon of that same October day, should it so happen that Birdseye & Brothers sent in a check for eleven hundred and fourteen dollars in payment for a bill of goods, and that this check fell into my hands through the absence of Wood, the chief bookkeeper? Less humiliating is it to seek an answer to these questions than to that other inquiry which thrusts itself upon me: Why did not I, Nathaniel Pease, enter the receipt of that check in my books, and place the check itself in the safe?

Four hours intervened between my conversation with Morse and the moment of my overmastering temptation. In those four hours I had become feverish with excitement at the thought of winning wealth without work. The seed, dropped in an idle word, had taken deep root and shot up into a thistle, which choked truth and honor and honesty. Other men had made fortunes in a day by stock speculations: might I not do the same? Here was the tide to be taken at its flood—but whence was to come the money? At my weakest, opportunity found me, dazzled me, and I yielded.

The check sent in by Birdseye & Brothers was drawn in their favor by the Northside Gaslight Company, and properly endorsed. It was precisely ten minutes past three when the messenger left it, and received, from my hands, a receipt, signed in the name of Heller, Hoyt & Carman. In reference to the books showed that the bill was not due until the thirteenth of the month. As I dipped my pen into the inkstand, with the intention of recording this payment, a piece of hair attached itself to the pen's point, which I stopped to remove with my fingers.

That bit of hair in my inkstand made me a thief.

Before I had freed the pen of its obstruction, Morse came into the counting-room.

"Well, Nat, you haven't found a thousand-dollar bill among your blotters to-day, I suppose? It's a precious pity to let that L. V. and R. B. chance slip through our fingers."

I threw down the pen and fell to talking. An hour later I locked up the books, passed out of the counting-room, and into the street. Birdseye & Brothers' check was in my breast-pocket.

All this was on Wednesday, the second of October. Friday morning, while I was eating my breakfast—no longer of good digestion with an appetite—Morse called at my boarding-house. His face was very pale, and his hand, holding out to me a copy of *The Times*, trembled perceptibly. I took the paper, speaking no word, and fixed my eye upon the paragraph to which he pointed. It was in the financial columns, and, while I could not read it clearly, I saw enough to inform me of its import. Little Valley and Round Bend had fallen to seventeen and a quarter. The words "manipulation of the bears," "scramble among the shorts," "a swindling combination," and "utterly worthless," stood out in bold relief; then, without breaking the silence, I handed back the paper.

"If we had only bought Rock Island or Illinois Central," said Morse despondently.

"If we had only bought nothing!" I rejoined penitently.

Then, for the first time in forty-eight hours, I felt my manhood reassert itself. Reason and repentance came to my hand in hand. From my boarding-house I went straight to the residence of Mr. Heller, and told him all that had happened. In that confession, at least, I did not seek to extenuate my crime; nor did I think it necessary to mention the name of Morse.

"Nathaniel," said my employer when I had finished, "you have been guilty of an offense which I would not have thought it possible for the son of John Pease to commit. The law would imprison you, I shall not appeal to the law. I will leave your punishment to your own reflections. You may consider yourself discharged from your present position, and I recommend you to go to your home and think over your conduct seriously."

So I went back to Penhamville.

What I suffered during those first few days of my banishment may not be written. Hardest of all, perhaps, was the confession which I felt constrained to make to my mother. Her love, her ready forgiveness, her tender care, her broad charity, which would cover all my faults—these made my anguish the deeper. It seemed but yesterday since I set forth from the old home, yearning to enter the conflict; and now, maimed and disheartened, I had come back. I brought no trophies, I had won no triumphs. The consciousness of my own disgrace bore down upon me like a great weight. I felt that the taint of dishonesty was about me, and that any early manhood had been irrevocably blasted.

During those days of wretchedness I learned that there was a love such as I had never dreamed of in anapæstic verse. Almost daily I met and talked with Carrie Leonard. I half suspected that she guessed the truth; and when, one November afternoon, I walked with her from the schoolhouse towards her home, it did not surprise me to hear her say:

"Are you going to give up, Nathaniel, because of one misstep?"

"One misstep," I answered, "may sometimes ruin a man forever."

"And sometimes it may result in his salvation. You have the best part of life before you yet, Nathaniel. You can more than redeem the past, if you choose."

"You do not know all that has happened, Carrie."

"I know everything," she rejoined quietly.

We walked on for some distance without speaking. Then I said, looking at the ground:

"Will you ask me to redeem myself, Carrie. A man's good name once sullied is most difficult to regain. Few would trust me, knowing what has occurred."

She looked up into my face eagerly and said:

"I would trust you, Nathaniel."

Then her eyes fell, and her red cheeks grew redder.

"And will you trust me, Carrie—trust me to care for you not less than for myself—trust me to make my life worthy of you?"

We had come to the fork in the road, and there again, as once many years before, we halted. And, with her hand in mine, she answered:

"I will trust you always, Nathaniel."

The other day, when one of the clerks in Hoyt, Carman & Pease's was detected in the act of stealing sixty dollars, the junior member of the firm pleaded so vigorously in the young man's behalf that the offense was overlooked. And I wish to add that I have kept the promise made in my apron-days, and sent diamonds—from Tiffany's, not Africa—to Carrie. I think my bank account would even warrant the purchase of an elephant, if I craved that luxury. But I shall never again be rich enough to buy L. V. and R. B.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUTTA-PERCHA.

At one of the late scientific meetings at Paris, mention was made of a substance having many of the characteristics of India-rubber and gutta-percha, but which is comparatively new to botanists. It is called Balata, and is the milky sap of the bully tree, which flourishes on the banks of the Amazon and Orinoco, in South America. The operation of obtaining the gum is similar in every respect to that employed to procure the two before-mentioned ingredients—that is to say, making an incision in the bark, and allowing the sap to ooze out and either coagulate in a lump or flow slowly into a clay form so as to produce what is termed a bottle, or any other pattern which may be desired. The new substance resembles gutta-percha so closely in its general properties that much of it is shipped from Guiana and sold yearly for that article, although it has many qualities superior to gutta-percha. It is tasteless, gives out an agreeable odor on being warmed, may be cut like gutta-percha, is tough and leathery, is remarkably flexible, and far more elastic than its rival. It can be softened and joined piece to piece indefinitely at a temperature of about 120° Fahrenheit, but requires a heat of 270° Fahrenheit before it melts—higher than gutta-percha. It is completely soluble in benzole and bisulphide of carbon when cold. Turpentine dissolves it with the application of heat, while it is only partially soluble in anhydrous alcohol and ether. It becomes strongly electrified by friction, and is a better insulator of heat and electricity than gutta-percha, on which account it may find considerable application for electrical and telegraphic uses. Caustic alkalies and concentrated hydrochloric acid do not attack it; but concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids do, just as they act on gutta-percha, which it closely resembles in all other properties.

JO-I.—The leading journal at the capital of Japan, and semi-official organ of the Government, has come out in favor of *jo-i*, which is anything but joy to foreigners, since it means their expulsion. While mildly deprecating severe measures, such as cutting barbarians' throats, the editor considers *jo-i* the only means to maintain the independence and integrity of Japan.

THE CONSUMPTION OF COTTON by American manufacturers was greater by 110,000 bales in 1878 than in 1877. The yield of the staple in the United States exceeds that of any year on record, being 4,811,265 bales, of 1,480 pounds gross each, up to Sept. 1.

GAME OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY W. B. CAMPBELL.

Life is but a game of cards
Which mortals have to learn—
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top,
While others bring a low;
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Now, if you will but list a while,
I'll teach you how to play,
And you will always win your trick
If you do just what I say:
Your chances always reckon sure
Before you "pass" or "make,"
Or else a little "joker" will
Your good trumps come and take.

When playing, you may throw out the ace
Your counting cards to save,
Or else the deuce, or else the tea,
But never play the *knave*;
Then watch the *queen* with careful eyes
Whenever she is turned;
Take my advice—don't fool with her;
You'll get your fingers burned.

When *diamonds* chance to crown the pack
The stake is played for gold,
And then large sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old.
When *hearts* are trumps, we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's Summer bower.

When *clubs* are trumps, look out for war
If a "cop" holds them in hand,
For he knows how to use the club
To rule and to command.
Last game of all is when the *spade*,
Turned by the hand of time,
Is sure to dig the player's grave,
In every land and clime.

Now, perhaps for money you have played,
Or then, again, for fame—
It matters not what the stakes may be,
The game is still the same;
And when your points are counted up,
Should you have chanced to won,
You've "jacked" your cards in fancy style,
And your game of life is done.

Brooklyn, 1878.

RUBY:

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

[Entered in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1878.]

CHAPTER XXI.—THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Six months had passed away—months fraught with many a heartache to our heroine by the first freshness of her sorrow. She mourned not so much for her brother as he had been of late as for the merry boy whom she had recalled to mind in former days, whose youth had been so rich with promise unfulfilled. But time had brought her many joys in this half-year to counteract her grief.

Mark had availed himself of the first possible opportunity to present her to his parents, and they, to whom a young girl's presence was a pleasurable novelty, had felt attached to her after a very short acquaintance. She had visited them every day at their earnest solicitation, and gained their love and approbation in a thousand ways. They had no daughter, she had no parents, and this may account for the mutual affection which arose, and which to Mark was most gratifying.

Ruby had kept her old room in the boarding-house despite of the invitations of Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield that she should reside with them until her wedding-day. She had saved a little purse out of her earnings, which had been intended for poor Dick to start him afresh in life when he had emerged from prison, and with this she supported herself comfortably for some time, having, as we have already stated, given up her engagement at the theatre. It had been Mark's desire to have a church-wedding, but from this Ruby instinctively shrank.

"I have been so long associated with grand displays, Mark," she said, "even in an humble capacity, that I would rather be married quietly at your house. It will seem so much more real. That is, if *you* don't object, dear."

So of course Mark kissed her, and said it should be as she wished. And now the wedding-day is here. All the balmy glories of the May-time fill the air, and earth seems like a fresh created thing. The guests are very few. Old friends of Mark's, who learn with much surprise that he has been caught at last, and come to criticise his taste and wish him joy; and two old friends of ours, Mr. Puff and Mrs. Peasely, who had been Mark's desire that they who had been so kind to his beloved should see her at her best, and Ruby had seconded his proposal with delight. A somewhat "left-handed" invitation had been extended to Cleopatra, but no grief was expressed when she declined it on the morning of the ceremony, pleading a sick headache, and the great hue and bustle in the boarding-house that day. Mr. Puff had dived into trunks, and fallen over wig-boxes in his efforts to produce his finest raiment to grace the festive occasion. Long had he vacillated between the charms of an antique black-silk waistcoat and the spotless splendors of a modern white vest, and undecided was he for some time on the subject of coats—first inclining towards a regulation "claw-hammer," which, however, gave a greater redundancy to his figure, and then favoring a "Prince Albert," which gave him more of a military air.

"I might do a 'lightning change,'" he said to himself, "and wear both."

But this was only a jest, of course, and he at last resorted to a popular device for settling difficult points.

"Heads for the swallow-tail, tails for the Albert," and he spun a coin in the air. Tails won the day, and he proceeded at once to array himself in the fortunate garment.

Mrs. Peasely was equally busy. She had taken out her stiff black silk, which she had not worn so long a time that she found it too small for her, and had spent much time in "letting it out under the arms" and altering it in various ways. Cleopatra found herself sufficiently convalescent to deride these preparations, but not to assist in them.

"Trying all that trouble for a lot of people who don't care a fig for you," she said. "All they want you up there for is to show you their style and make you feel ashamed. They don't get *me* to go."

Mrs. Peasely sewed on and said nothing.

"And there's that Mr. Puff. The idea of inviting him and not inviting pa. Why, pa would rain in twice the appearance that he would."

Jonathan, who was eating peanuts before the fire, gave a little grunt of assent.

"And as for Mr. Hatfield," continued Cleopatra, "she needn't put on airs because she's got him. Why, he was crazy to pay attention to me the first day he came here, but I discouraged him."

Mrs. Peasely opened her eyes to their widest extent.

"Well, Patty, perhaps he did, but *I* never saw it."

"You don't see everything, ma. Some of these days I'll be getting married under your very nose, and you won't know it."

"I shall be very glad to see that," replied Mrs. Peasely with a sigh.

Her sewing done, she proceeded to array herself with great care, donning a collar of "real lace," and wearing old-fashioned cameo jewelry. So unusually gorgeous did she appear that she quite took Mr. Puff's breath away as she swept into the parlor to accept of that gentleman's escort. They entered the carriage under a battery of curious eyes from the windows, and drove away, as the little comedian expressed it, "with flying colors, ma'am."

Mark received them with great cordiality, and they were soon in the elegant drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield greeted them with much warmth, introducing them to the other guests, with two of whom Mr. Puff was shortly engaged in a vigorous argument of finance, pending the appearance of the bride, and in which he came off victor.

Ruby had never looked so beautiful as when she entered upon Mark's arm, radiant with modest happiness. Her bridal robe of rich white satin, wreathed with lace and orange-flowers, was the gift of Mrs. Hatfield, and set off her fair young beauty to the greatest advantage. The pearl-white veil, that swept downward to her feet, made an exquisite framework for the lovely picture. So thought the cynical bachelor-friends who envied Mark his bride, and wondered where the deuce he'd found her. So thought Mr. Puff, who deemed it by far a finer sight than any he had ever witnessed on the stage. So thought Mark as, with a heart filled with rapturous joy, he knelt with his darling before the priest, and responded to the exquisite marriage service of the Episcopal Church. His wife at last! He murmured a little prayer of thanksgiving, while the guests crowded around and offered their congratulations.

And then the wedding-breakfast! Where Mr. Hatfield came out with an eloquence that astonished everybody, and praised the young bride till tears and smiles were seen upon her face at once, and she was fain to hide her blushes with her hand; where Mark made a little speech, the gist of which was his unutterable joy at the present moment, and ending with an appeal to friends then present to renounce a bachelor's existence forever; and where Mr. Puff shone in the most brilliant way, being full to the brim of jest and repartee and rich quotations appropriate for the occasion, "keeping the table in a roar" and proving to be a choice bon-vivant of the olden time.

At last the stately carriage is at the door, and the newly wedded couple must bid the guests farewell. The usual good-wishes are exchanged, the usual tears are shed, and they enter the vehicle which is to convey them to the train. They cast a look back at the house, and see Mr. Hatfield waving a handkerchief, while Mr. Puff rests one hand upon the railing, and tugs at one of his shoes, evidently with the intention of sacrificing it in their behalf.

They are too happy for words. He looks down into her eyes, and, seeing there the love she cannot speak, draws her closer to his heart, and with a feeling of ecstatic joy kisses the lips so warm with chaste affection. And she thanks God that he has heard her prayers, and brought her rest at last.

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A month had gone, and they were speeding homeward from the city of the Golden Gate. Ruby had wished to see all that was possible of her own country before visiting Europe, so they had flown westward "Across the Continent," surrounded by all those luxuries of travel for which no land upon the earth can equal ours. An enchanting panorama of mountains, plains and rivers had unrolled itself before them, fraught with novelty and grandeur indescribable, and filling the mind of the young wife with wonder and delight. On their return they had stopped two days at Chicago, that marvel of the West, and enjoyed the hospitality of one of those hotels which for splendid magnificence have no superiors on the habitable globe. But even the newest and fairest joys bring some satiety, and they at length both hailed with a feeling of gladness their near approach to home. They were but a day's journey from New York, when, as night was falling, the train came to a sudden stop, and the passengers were shortly informed that, owing to a breakage of machinery, they must remain where they were for some hours at least. There was a general grumble from the occupants of the brilliantly lighted "drawing-room car," and Mark, after a little consultation with Ruby, decided that they should devote the time to a view of the bustling little town where they were detained, and finish by ordering supper at the best hotel. So they strolled through the hilly streets, and, having spent some time in gazing into windows not remarkable for anything but cheap imitations of New York successes, reached the hotel. Here they secured a room, and Mark requested the attendance of a waiter, who speedily appeared, and presented a bill of fare with an attempt at style which was hardly warranted by his soiled apron and frowsy appearance.

"Broiled chicken and Lyonnaise potatoes, sir? Yes, sir. Bottle of stout, sir, and cup of coffee? All right, sir. Like to see the papers, sir?"

Mark nodded, and the periodical was soon forthcoming. The young man glanced up and down the blurred and dreary columns in the hope of finding something of interest that he could read to Ruby, who was leaning her little head affectionately upon his arm, when he saw with surprise the following advertisement:

TOWN HALL, TO-NIGHT.
The distinguished metropolitan favorite
MISS VIRGINIA VAUGHN,
supported by her own matchless organization, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

N. B.—The character of Celia will be impersonated by a brilliant young society lady of New York, who will make her first appearance on any stage.

Mark read this out to Ruby, who listened with delight and surprise.

"Poor Mrs. Weldon," she said. "I should so like to see the performance. Do you think we shall have time to go?"

The young man rang the bell, and directed the waiter to ascertain the exact probable leaving-time of the train. That functionary soon returned, with the information that there was no possibility of the trains departing before midnight.

"Then we will go, my dear," said Mark.

The waiter still remained. He stood by the half-open door, fumbling with his apron nervously.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said at last, "but you haven't a spare pass about you, have you, sir?"

"A spare *what?*" queried the perplexed Mark.

"Pass, sir—pass for the play to-night, sir. All the troupes give me a pass. You're the show people, aint you?"

Ruby laughed merrily.

"No, we are not," said Mark, much amused.

"Then I beg pardon, sir. My mistake. They must have gone to the other hotel, sir."

Mark handed him a dollar.

"That will do as well as a pass, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, sir; thank you, sir—*thank* you, sir," and he bowed himself out.

It lacked a few minutes to eight when they left the hotel, and a short walk brought them to the Town Hall, which was distinguished by a sickly gas-lamp over the door. Mark noted that there was a little mob of people going in, and he hoped that the attendance would be good.

"Have you a private box?" he inquired of the young man who officiated at the sale of tickets.

That individual seemed paralyzed

HIS IDEA OF EDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Contented? Of course I'm contented:
Did ever your eyes behold
Such comfort as here is presented
To a bachelor, crusty and old?

For all the possessions of Adam,
Under his fig tree and vine,
I wouldn't exchange, if I had 'em,
These comfortable quarters of mine!

Here's Eden itself in a parlor—
The Eden that meets my ideas,
Void of the beasts that would snarl, or
The bugs that would crawl in your ears.

There no prohibition in choosing
The fruit your fancies prefer,
No wily serpent diffusing
False doctrines, creating a stir.

Pray, what were the pleasure of plucking
An apple before it is ripe
Compared to the solace of sucking
This old and odorous pipe?

Or what were the taste of pomegranate
By the side of coffee and cake?
Or a fig—yes, from Eden—now can it
Compare with a tenderloin-steak?

To sleep in a bower might answer
For Adam, who relished such things—
He lived in the tropic of Cancer—
But give me a mattress, with springs!

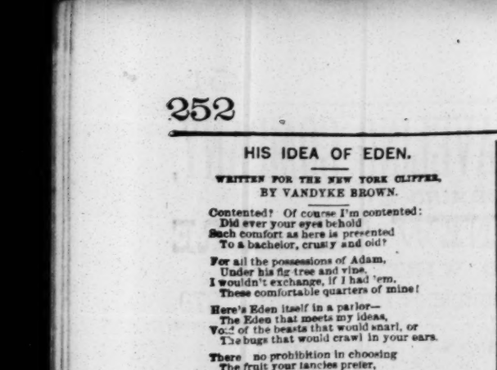
And evenings in Eden—how stupid,
With nowhere to go but to bed;
I would rather surrender to Cupid
Than lead such a life as he led!

No races, no clubs, no regattas,
No politics, theatres nor squibs—
Could a world devoid of these matters
Be paradise unto his nibs?

Give me just what I have—this bay-window,
These quarters exquisitely nice,
My books, and my pipe, and, ah though
I may, it is still Paradise!

But in one thing my garden is lacking—
What is that you would have me believe?
It's thistles and roses ransacking,
My Eden is minus an Eve.

Well, now, I declare, this is taunting—
You crusty, you chronic old snarler,
The very one thing that is wanting
Makes Paradise out of my parlor!



CORA'S BOUQUET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CARL CARLETON.

As the clock struck, my wife came in, ready-dressed for outdoors.

"Well, Charles, it is time."

I looked up from my review with a dreary yawn.

"Indeed, Cora, I can't accompany you to the theatre to-night. The very thought of the place sickens me. Gordon will be here presently, and will be glad to take you, as usual."

"You promised, Charles, and this is the last night of the piece, and you need not come till the end of the fourth act," she replied, almost imploringly. "Besides, I—I do not wish to go with Mr. Gordon, Charles. It looks so strange to be always in his company, and people gossip. You can't think how painful it is."

"Let them gossip, Cora. Gordon is a gentleman and my best friend, and if I choose to trust you with him I suppose it is no one's business but my own."

I was not at all in an amiable mood; I, too, had heard some of this malicious chat of the coulisses, and chose to defy it.

The door-bell rang and a servant announced Mr. Seymour Gordon. My wife glanced at me pleadingly—it was her last appeal.

"Admit him," said I resolutely.

Gordon entered smilingly. Instantly he saw there was something in the wind, and his dark eyes met my wife's for a second with an expression I had never seen in them before; but it passed before I could fathom it.

When they had gone I recalled that swift glance, and somehow it annoyed me. I tried to recover my interest in the review, but could not. I went out and took a long walk—tried billiards, but it was no use: that momentary flash of a pair of handsome and dangerous eyes—unfathomable, a little sinister—rankled yet in my memory, and I could think of nothing else.

I went to the theatre, walking more quickly the nearer I drew. Just as I entered the stage-door I heard the hum of the lights behind the flies. It struck the stage, marking the close of an act, followed quickly by a rumble like thunder, which I knew came from the auditorium. Down the passage on the right I passed, reaching the prompter's desk.

"What act was that?"

"The fourth, sir. Your wife is recalled."

The fourth! How time had flown. Looking out from the proscenium door I saw the curtain drawn on the other side, and my wife emerge and approach the footlights with a pallid smile. There was a movement in the stalls, and I saw a gentleman stand up and pass forward a bouquet—that person was my friend Seymour Gordon.

Cora seemed for a second petrified—the applause was louder—mechanically she took the flowers, courtesied deeply again, and went off, while I continued to stand there in a dream. Coming to myself, I went to her dressing-room and entered without knocking. Her maid was there, and on the table lay the bouquet.

"Your wife is gone away, sir, in a carriage."

I heard without distinctly understanding. A vague sense of unknown misery filled my breast, and mechanically I took up the flowers and smelled them, and a note dropped from them at my feet.

CORA.—All is arranged. We take the train for Canada to-night, and the steamer at Halifax. I have secured a stateroom by telegraph. Meet me without a moment's delay. I use this means to communicate with you to avoid suspicion. S. G.

The globe seemed reeling under my feet. So! I was fitly punished—she was gone.

"You are not well, sir," said the woman, frightened at my ghastly face.

"Yes—ah—no—that is, not very well; a little faint; but it will pass off."

I staggered into the street, and how I reached home I do not know. My servant gave me a note, which had been left an hour before. The handwriting I knew.

CHARLES RUTLAND.—When this reaches you, your wife, under my protection, will be far away, and no longer under the blighting influence of your neglect. As a gentleman, it is due that I should offer you the satisfaction of one; but this being impossible in our own country, I announce that if you will follow me across the ocean I will give you a meeting on the Continent, or wherever you may select. SEYMOUR GORDON.

Could there be such a villain? I had trusted him as a brother. And Cora—the awful truth of his words smote me: "the blighting influence of my neglect."

I cannot describe how I passed that long and dreadful night, nor tell how many times I was tempted to summarily end my torture in the blackness of darkness. Perhaps it was the thought of some mad vengeance—I knew not what—that sustained me through that tremendous crisis; at all events, when morning dawned I was once more a sane man.

Well, she was gone—forever—and now what should that revenge I meditated be? I was no duelist—so much the better; he should kill me, and she would know how wildly I had loved her, after all. I made a pretense of breakfast, recollected there were servants in the house with sharp eyes and mischievous tongues, and, carelessly as I could, I said:

"Bring me the paper, please, Clewson. Mrs. Rutland will not be at home for some days. She left last night to fill an unexpected engagement."

I don't think he suspected. The newspaper was brought and placed in my hands, and my eye wandered listlessly over the printed pages. All at once my attention was smitten, as it were, with the following:

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—By reference to our telegraphic columns it will be seen that there was a terrible accident to the train on the —— Railroad, leaving at 11.15 last night. The train, which was composed of ordinary cars and two sleeping-coaches, was derailed near Hartman's Run and thrown down the embankment into the run, where the cars taking fire, a frightful catastrophe ensued. The run, it seems, was frozen over, and while a portion of the train was submerged beneath the ice, the remainder, resting in a shallower spot, was rapidly consumed by the flames. It is impossible to tell how many lives have been lost; but inquiry at the agency of the Pullman Company, in this city, shows that there were twenty-one persons booked for the coaches of that company attached to the train. We give the list below.

I read those names, and among them saw "Seymour Gordon and wife."

I was stunned. In my ears rang those appalling words of the scripture: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" Cut down in the very blossom of their sin; not a moment of preparation, not time to cry for mercy!

Half an hour later I was speeding to the scene of the wreck. I shall never forget that sight on that bitter Winter morning. But my worst inference was true; most of the corpses had already been taken out, charred and mangled beyond any possibility of recognition.

Why should I linger there? Useless now, useless also to think of the past, more so to plan for the future; but a lonely life before me—lonely, lonely! I wept in my solitude some bitter tears.

At length came the thought of others. Grief is as selfish as love. I recollected the quiet farmhouse in the country, where I had first met her who had once been so dear to me, now lost—the two old people there from whom I had taken her; they must still be ignorant of this dreadful occurrence: for them the words in the newspaper, "Seymour Gordon and wife," could have had but little meaning except as a record of such griefs as are so published every day, and hardly attract a passing thought.

Saddened, no more the same man—perhaps now growing a little resigned—I started upon my dismal journey to bring me upon that peaceful and undreaming household. I still remember the pretty rural landscape as I stepped out upon the platform at the station. It was one of those balmy days which come sometimes in the very depth of Winter, when the warm sun turns the snow into little rivulets, when the grass turns again to a bright green, and you can almost fancy you hear the songs of birds.

Slowly I took my way across the meadows to the quiet and demure lane I remembered so well, where I had walked in the Summer evenings in the sombre shadow of the flies of trees, with Cora, so many times. The trees were barren now. Among their skeleton branches I heard the harsh cawing of crows.

Emerging from the lane and stepping upon the higher ground, I saw the old farmhouse in its mantle of snow. The silence of desolation brooded there; and, as I approached, no living thing appeared. And, Heaven knows, even the sight of a dog—of honest "Fun," my clumsy old friend—would have been some relief.

But I went on and reached the porch, where the honeysuckle-vines still writhed and clung. Stopping a moment to obtain full command over myself, I turned the knob and entered. The little sitting-room, I remarked, was on the left, and, opening that door also, I looked in. Someone was standing before the fire—the pose of the figure reminded me of another, and involuntarily I uttered a little cry. The figure turned instantly in alarm, and I saw—my wife!

I did not faint; but stood for a few seconds with outstretched hands, beating the apparition off; and then she was in my arms, her heart pulsing to the bewildered gladness of mine, and in my ears I heard the music of that voice I had thought hushed forever, saying:

"O Charley! I am so glad! I am so glad!"

The rest is like a dream. I uttered some incoherent words—his name, the bouquet, the letter—and she could not answer but in sobs. After a while, thank God, we were more ourselves, and her story was told.

Gordon had been adroitly playing the tempter for a long time without actually committing himself, and she had been afraid to warn me distinctly that he was a dangerous man and meant mischief, having no real ground to go on, and dreading to assert that of which there was no tangible proof. But on the eventful night of this story he had observed the misunderstanding between us, and found nerve to utter the worst—he showed her how their names were already coupled in the scandal of the theatre, how she was already hopelessly compromised; evil and unfounded things he hinted of me, and finally proposed an elopement that night. Cora was so frightened that she could not utter a word, and he interpreted her silence favorably. She went through the performance that evening hardly understanding where she was or a word she spoke. When she was recalled by the audience, at the end of the fourth act, which concluded her share in the play, and he handed her the bouquet, in the middle of which she saw the note, as the musicians saw it, for they smiled meaningly, she felt on the point of fainting. She did not even read that infamous message, but, mechanically handing it to her maid, ran to the stage-door, still in the costume of the play, and, calling a carriage, got in and ordered the driver to take her to the depot.

In her terror of Gordon and distrust of me—having already evidence of my infatuated friendship for him—her impulse was to find safety with her parents in the country; and so she took the train for her old home at twelve o'clock that night.

Gordon was never heard of after the accident, so I suppose he perished. His note to me was left at the house, after all his arrangements for the elopement had been completed, such as engaging the places in the train and steamship for himself and Cora, who was to pass as his wife; but in all this he reckoned too confidently; and when he found at the decisive moment that Cora had disappointed him, he had no alternative but to make his journey to Europe alone, or to remain and wait my vengeance, or, what he perhaps dreaded more, the ridicule of his friends over his ludicrous *contretemps*. So he sped away on that fatal express which landed its passengers in some other world than ours.

Cora and I returned to the city, and the first object that met our eyes upon entering the dining-room was the bouquet upon the mantelpiece, where I had placed it when I brought it home with me, almost unconsciously, that memorable night. You may think it a curious piece of sentiment, but I have had those flowers embalmed; and though years have passed, and the roses and geraniums and the rest are very dim now and covered with dust, I still keep that bouquet and value it. It reminds me of something I do not wish to forget. Not of how dear Cora should be to me, for she is so, and nothing can alter that; but of that dreadful time when I thought I had lost her by my indifference and neglect. And so in this there is a lesson—one of those lessons in life which, trite as they grow after a while, wise people keep always before them.

THE HAIR IN MY INKSTAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

This bit of autobiography shall possess at least the merit of truthfulness. I will begin, therefore, by frankly confessing that I deserved the sound thrashing which, in my apron-days, I received at the hands of Miss Downer. That estimable lady had been shocked by beholding me appear at school with my pinafore, which was a continual thorn in my side, turned wrong side foremost. I had tried the experiment in the hope that it would lessen the gentleman's resemblance to a girl's apron. I hated girls only less cordially than I hated aprons. Next to running away to sea, I regarded a jacket, such as Tommy Avery wore, the limit of my earthly ambition. As I could not get the jacket, I determined at least that I would make my apron button in front, instead of behind. So I turned it. Of course I was discovered, and when I rashly denied the offense my teacher considered it her duty to double the thrashing.

Miss Downer was assisted in teaching the young idea to shoot by a very long and flexible rattan. This she produced when the school had been dismissed, and, in a voice which made me doubly apprehensive from its softness, bade me to "hold out" my hand. I did so, keeping my elbow as near my spine as possible. She administered the blows with conscientious rapidity. I received them with as good grace as I could muster.

"There," she said at last, "that is for changing your pinafore. Now I will punish you for telling me a falsehood. Hold out your other hand."

But here came deliverance from an unexpected source. A knock at the door caused Miss Downer to pause with uplifted arm.

"You may see who is there," she said.

I obeyed willingly. The door opened upon Joel Criswell. Joel was a member of the School Committee, and opposed corporeal punishment. So Miss Downer permitted me to go without the extra flogging. I went, breathing blessings upon the head of Joel Griswell. Outside the schoolhouse I met Carrie Leonard, who had evidently been waiting my coming.

"Did she hurt you much, Nathaniel?" inquired Carrie sympathetically.

Sympathy was something which at that moment I did not want. So I answered sulkily:

"No, she didn't. I aint afraid of her!"

"Did you put resin on your hands?" continued Carrie, walking along at my side.

"Pshaw! That wouldn't do any good."

"Wouldn't it? It was real mean of her to whip you just for turning your apron. I'd turn mine if I wanted to."

That was the most unkindest cut of all. The slightest reference to my pinafore made me wince; to have it put in the same category with a girl's apron was unbearable.

"She won't never whip me again," said I desperately. "I'm going to Africa!"

Carrie's blue eyes opened wide with wonder.

"Why, what are you going to do there, Nathaniel?"

"Drive camels!" I answered with a fierceness which I felt sure would have befitted a jacket, or even a coat with tails. "I aint coming to school any more. They don't have schools in Africa, and there aint any Miss Downers there, either. You may have my geography if you want it. There's one leaf gone with the map of New Zealand, but that don't hurt it much. I shan't have to study any more lessons, and Miss Downer won't get any more apples from me. I ou can tell her so, if you want to."

Carrie looked up timidly.

"When are you going, Nathaniel?"

"Pretty soon," said I evasively, but still fiercely. "Maybe I'll send you back some diamonds and an elephant, when I get there."

"But you'll never know algebra, nor Latin nor Greek, in Africa," suggested Carrie dissuasively.

"I don't want to know 'em!" said I decisively. "I hate schools and books and teachers, and that's the reason I'm going."

We had come to the fork in the road where Carrie's homeward course diverged from mine, and here, halting a moment, she said:

"I'll see you again, won't I, Nathaniel?"

"Yes, I guess so," I answered, moving away. "You'll see me once more before I start."

For reasons which it is not here necessary to explain, I did not go to Africa. Time quenched the desire to become a driver of camels, and even reconciled me so far to algebra, Latin and Greek, that I galloped over the first and "ponied" through the latter. And it was not in the Desert of Sahara, but in the counting-room of Heller, Hoyt & Carman, wholesale dealers in metals and tinware, that I found myself destined to labor. No longer in aprons; no longer, alas! in that contented state of mind where the possession of a jacket fulfilled my uttermost desire. What ambition burned within me now? What new Africa opened up to me its glorious visions of wealth and camels? At four-and-twenty I had grown wiser than Miss Downer, and was prepared to lament, in anapæstic verse, with "heart" rhymed to "part," that I had loved, but should never love again. Still, I kept my books with tolerable accuracy, and, by degrees, absorbed something of the nature of the metals in which Heller, Hoyt & Carman dealt. I desired riches rather than fame, and reflected that I might marry a fortune. This, then, was the Africa which opened up to me at four-and-twenty.

That Summer I spent my week's vacation at Penhamville. The place had changed little since the days when I wore aprons and profited by the instructions of Miss Downer. That worthy lady herself had put aside the rattan and mental arithmetic, and gone to India as the wife of a missionary. When my mother informed me that Carrie Leonard was to become the teacher of the school, I thought how thankful the children of Penhamville ought to be that they did not live in India.

The transition from Orange County milk and boarding-house butter to the cleanliness and abundance of my mother's table was most delightful. Pleasant, too, was it to sit on the breezy piazza of the old house and dream through the August days, while the sterner strivings of the mind resolved themselves into a rosy mist; pleasant to watch the shadows of the leaves upon the deep, green grass, to hear the full-throated robins whistle tunefully, to catch the fruity odor of the trees, and to drink in long draughts of the health-giving air. I sat thus, tasting the sweets of idleness, on the day after my arrival in Penhamville, when Carrie Leonard came up the garden-walk. In her cool, white dress, with its dainty trimmings of blue, she seemed wholly in keeping with the freshness of the scene. Not pretty, I thought; for her features were not what we call regular, while her mouth was a trifle too large, albeit wonderfully mobile. Yet, if not pretty, fresh, rosy, charming; withal, lovable. Had any man learned to love her, I wondered.

Our greeting might have been that of a brother and a sister but for the absence of a kiss.

"Why, Nathaniel! Where in the world did you come from? I'm ever so glad to see you!"

Her hand grasped mine cordially, and we stood thus, while I answered:

"Thank you. I came from that part of the world called New York, and I am delighted to meet you, Carrie."

"How long it seems since you went away!"

With this she dropped my hand, and, stepping back, looked at me intently, from my slipper-ed feet to my Panama hat. This rather pleased me, for I affected something of the fop in my dress. Her sudden outburst of laughter, however, disconcerted me, and I asked:

"What is it, Carrie? Do you find my personal appearance so ludicrous?"

"Oh, no," she answered, endeavoring to master her merriment. "Only I was thinking how funny you would look if you wore aprons now."

When I went back to the counting-room of Heller, Hoyt & Carman I carried with me, like a fragrant odor, the memory of those few days which had been spent with Carrie Leonard.

I promised at the outset that this bit of autobiography should possess at least the virtue of truthfulness. Let me keep faith with myself, though it brings the hot blood of shame to my cheek. It was on the second of October, a date forever fixed in my memory, that Richard Morse, our shipping-clerk, came to me and said:

"Nat, if I had a thousand dollars in cash I could quadruple it in three days."

"How?" I inquired, with an interest not wholly assumed.

"Little Valley and Round Bend!" was the enigmatic response.

"What do you mean by that?"

"L. V. and R. B.," rejoined Morse, shaking his head mysteriously. "Sure thing, if a man had the money. Selling at thirty-one and a quarter to-day, and will be worth one-twenty-five by Saturday. I know it from the best sources. Never was such a chance on the street before, and never will be again."

"Speculating in stocks is risky business," said I, unwilling to confess the fascination which the idea possessed for me at that moment.

"Very true," answered Morse, "but this is not speculation; this is a certainty. L. V. and R. B. will go up to one-twenty-five by Saturday; mark my words. And if I had a thousand dollars in cash to-day, I could turn it into four thousand with perfect ease and absolute safety."

Most men, I fancy, are prone to extenuate their own evil deeds by laying temptation at the door of circumstance. Why, on that particular October day, should Morse have spoken to me of stock-speculation? It was a subject which had never before entered unto my thoughts—one concerning which I was innocently ignorant. I knew nothing of Little Valley and Round Bend; nothing of Wall street or its business (the only purchase I had ever made on that thoroughfare was a set of collar-studs from the old man in front of the Treasury Building); and the nomenclature of the bulls and bears was to me more difficult of translation than even the parchment which made Nathaniel Pease an A. B. And again, why, on the afternoon of that same October day, should it so happen that Birdseye & Brothers sent in a check for eleven hundred and fourteen dollars in payment for a bill of goods, and that this check fell into my hands through the absence of Wood, the chief bookkeeper? Less humiliating is it to seek an answer to these questions than to that other inquiry which thrusts itself upon me: Why did not I, Nathaniel Pease, enter the receipt of that check in my books, and place the check itself in the safe?

Four hours intervened between my conversation with Morse and the moment of my overmastering temptation. In those four hours I had become feverish with excitement at the thought of winning wealth without work. The seed, dropped in an idle word, had taken deep root and shot up into a thistle, which choked truth and honor and honesty. Other men had made fortunes in a day by stock speculations: might I not do the same? Here was the tide to be taken at its flood—but whence was to come the money? At my weakest, Opportunity found me, dazzled me, and I yielded.

The check sent in by Birdseye & Brothers was drawn in their favor by the Northside Gaslight Company, and properly endorsed. It was precisely ten minutes past three when the messenger left it, and received, from my hands, a receipt, given in the name of Heller, Hoyt & Carman. A reference to the books showed that the bill was not due until the thirteenth of the month. As I dipped my pen into the inkstand, with the intention of recording this payment, a piece of hair attached itself to the pen's point, which I stopped to remove with my fingers.

That bit of hair in my inkstand made me a thief.

Before I had freed the pen of its obstruction, Morse came into the counting-room.

"Well, Nat, you haven't found a thousand-dollar bill among your blotters to-day, I suppose? It's a precious pity to let that L. V. and R. B. chance slip through our fingers!"

I threw down the pen and fell to talking. An hour later I locked up the books, passed out of the counting-room, and into the street. Birdseye & Brothers' check was in my breast-pocket.

All this was on Wednesday, the second of October. Friday morning, while I was eating my breakfast—no longer did good digestion wait on appetite—Morse called at my boarding-house. His face was very pale, and his hand, holding out to me a copy of *The Times*, trembled perceptibly. I took the paper, speaking no word, and fixed my eye upon paragraph to which he pointed. It was the financial columns, and, while I could not read it clearly, I saw enough to convince me of its import. Little Valley and Round Bend had fallen to seventeen and a quarter. The words "manipulation of the bears," "scramble among the shorts," "a swindling combination," and "utterly worthless," stood out in bold relief; then, without breaking the silence, I handed back the paper.

"If we had only bought Rock Island or Illinois Central," said Morse despondently.

"If we had only bought nothing!" I rejoined penitently.

Then, for the first time in forty-eight hours, I felt my manhood reassert itself. Reason and repentance came back hand in hand. From my boarding-house I went straight to the residence of Mr. Heller, and told him all that had happened. In that confession, at least, I did not seek to extenuate nor palliate. Nor did I think it necessary to mention the name of Morse.

"Nathaniel," said my employer when I had finished, "you have been guilty of an offense which I would not have thought it possible for the son of John Pease to commit. The law would imprison you, but I shall not appeal to the law. I will leave your punishment to your own reflections. You may consider yourself discharged from your present position, and I recommend you to go to your home and think over your conduct seriously."

So I went back to Penhamville.

What I suffered during those first few days of my banishment may not be written. Hardest of all, perhaps, was the confession which I felt constrained to make to my mother. Her love, her ready forgiveness, her tender care, her broad charity, which would cover all my faults—these made my anguish the deeper. It seemed but yesterday since I set forth from the old home, yearning to enter the conflict; and now, maimed and disheartened, I had come back. I brought no trophies, I had won no triumphs. The consciousness of my own disgrace bore down upon me like a great weight. I felt that the taint of dishonesty was about me, and that my early manhood had been irrevocably blasted.

During those days of wretchedness I learned that there was a love such as I had never dreamed of in anapæstic verse. Almost daily I met and talked with Carrie Leonard. I half suspected that she guessed the truth; and when, one November afternoon, I walked with her from the schoolhouse towards her home, it did not surprise me to hear her say:

"Are you going to give up, Nathaniel, because of one misstep?"

"One misstep," I answered, "may sometimes ruin a man forever."

"And sometimes it may result in his salvation. You have the best part of life before you yet, Nathaniel. You can more than redeem the past, if you choose."

"You do not know all that has happened, Carrie."

"I know everything," she rejoined quietly.

We walked on for some distance without speaking. Then I said, looking at the ground:

"It will be a hard task to retrieve myself, Carrie. A man's good name once sullied is most difficult to regain. Few would trust me, knowing what has occurred."

She looked up into my face eagerly and said:

"I would trust you, Nathaniel."

Then her eyes fell, and her red cheeks grew redder.

"And will you trust me, Carrie—trust me to care for you not less than for myself—trust me to make my life worthy of you?"

We had come to the fork in the road, and there again, as once many years before, we halted. And, with her hand in mine, she answered:

"I will trust you always, Nathaniel."

The other day, when one of the clerks in Hoyt, Carman & Pease's was detected in the act of stealing sixty dollars, the junior member of the firm pleaded so vigorously in the young man's behalf that the offense was overlooked. And I wish to add that I have kept the promise made in my apron-days, and sent diamonds—from Tiffany's, not Africa—to Carrie. I think my bank account would even warrant the purchase of an elephant, if I craved that luxury. But I shall never again be rich enough to buy L. V. and R. B.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUTTA-PERCHA.

At one of the late scientific meetings at Paris, mention was made of a substance having many of the characteristics of India-rubber and gutta-percha, but which is comparatively new to botanists. It is called Balata, and is the milky sap of the bully tree, which flourishes on the banks of the Amazon and Orinoco, in South America. The operation of obtaining the gum is similar in every respect to that employed to procure the two before-mentioned ingredients—that is to say, making an incision in the bark, and allowing the sap to ooze out and either coagulate in a lump or flow slowly over a clay form so as to produce what is termed a bottle, or any other pattern which may be desired. The new substance resembles gutta-percha so closely in its general properties that much of it is shipped from Guiana and sold yearly for that article, although it has many qualities superior to gutta-percha. It is tasteless, gives out an agreeable odor on being warmed, may be cut like gutta percha, is tough and leathery, is remarkably flexible, and far more elastic than its rival. It can be softened and joined piece to piece indefinitely at a temperature of about 120° Fahrenheit, but requires a heat of 270° Fahrenheit before it melts—higher than gutta-percha. It is completely soluble in benzole and bisulphide of carbon when cold. Turpentine dissolves it with the application of heat, while it is only partially soluble in anhydrous alcohol and ether. It becomes strongly electrified by friction, and is a better insulator of heat and electricity than gutta-percha, on which account it may find considerable application for electrical and telegraphic uses. Caustic alkalies and concentrated hydrochloric acid do not attack it; but concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids do, just as they act on gutta-percha, which it closely resembles in all other properties.

JO-I.—The leading journal at the capital of Japan, and semi-official organ of the Government, has come out in favor of *jo-i*, which is anything but joy to foreigners, since it means their expulsion. While mildly deprecating severe measures, such as cutting barbarians' throats, the editor considers *jo-i* the only means to maintain the independence and integrity of Japan.

THE CONSUMPTION OF COTTON by American manufacturers was greater by 110,000 bales in 1878 than in 1877. The yield of the staple in the United States exceeds that of any year on record, being 4,811,265 bales, of 1,480 pounds gross each, up to Sept. 1.

GAME OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY W. B. CAMPBELL.

Life is but a game of cards
Which mortals have to learn—
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top,
While others bring a low;
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Now, if you will but list a while,
I'll teach you how to play,
And you will always win your trick
If you do just what I say:
Your chances always reckon sure
Before you "pass" or "make,"
Or else a little "joker" will
Your good trumps come and take.

When playing, you may throw out the ace
Your counting cards to save,
Or else the deuce, or else the ten,
But never play the *knave*;
Then watch the *queen* with careful eyes
Whenever she is turned;
Take my advice—don't fool with her;
You'll get your fingers burned.

When *diamonds* chance to crown the pack
The stake is played for gold,
And then large sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old.
When *hearts* are trumps, we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's Summer bower.

When *clubs* are trumps, look out for war
If a "coup" holds them in hand,
For he knows how to use the club
To rule and to command.
Last game of all is when the *spade*,
Turned by the hand of time,
Is sure to dig the player's grave,
In every land and clime.

Now, perhaps for money you have played,
Or then, again, for fame—
It matters not what the stakes may be,
The game is still the same;
And when your points are counted up,
Should you have chanced to won,
You're "jacked" your cards in fancy style,
And your game of life is done.

Brooklyn, 1878.

RUBY:

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

[*Entered in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year* 1878.]

CHAPTER XXI.—THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Six months had passed away—months fraught with many a heartache to our heroine in the first freshness of her sorrow. She mourned not so much for her brother as he had been of late as for the merry boy whom she had recalled to mind in former days, whose youth had been so rich with promise unfulfilled. But time had brought her many joys in this half-year to counteract her grief.

Mark had availed himself of the first possible opportunity to present her to his parents, and they, to whom a young girl's presence was a pleasurable novelty, had felt attached to her after a very short acquaintance. She had visited them every day at their earnest solicitation, and gained their love and approbation in a thousand ways. They had no daughter, she had no parents, and this may account for the mutual affection which arose, and which to Mark was most gratifying.

Ruby had kept her old room in the boarding-house despite of the invitations of Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield that she should reside with them until her wedding-day. She had saved a little purse out of her earnings, which had been intended for poor Dick to start him afresh in life when he had emerged from prison, and with this she supported herself comfortably for some time, having, as we have already stated, given up her engagement at the theatre. It had been Mark's desire to have a church-wedding, but from this Ruby instinctively shrank.

"I have been so long associated with grand display, Mark," she said, "even in an humble capacity, that I would rather be married quietly as your wife. It will seem so much more real. That is, if *you* don't object, dear."

So of course Mark kissed her, and said it should be as she wished. And now the wedding-day is here. All the balmy glories of the May-time fill the air, and earth seems like a fresh created thing. The guests are very few. Old friends of Mark's, who learn with much surprise that he has been caught at last, and come to criticise the taste and wish him joy; and two old friends of ours, Mr. Puff and Mrs. Peasely. It had been Mark's desire that they who had been so kind to his beloved should see her at her best, and Ruby had seconded his proposal with delight. A somewhat "left-handed" invitation had been extended to Cleopatra, but no grief was expressed when she declined it on the morning of the ceremony, pleading a sick headache. Great had been the bustle in the boarding-house that day. Mr. Puff had dived into trunks, and fallen over wig-boxes in his efforts to produce his finest raiment to grace the festive occasion. Long had he vacillated between the charms of an antique black-silk waistcoat and the spotless splendors of a modern white vest, and equally undetermined was he on the subject of coats—first inclining towards a regulation "claw-hammer," which, however, gave a greater redundancy to his figure, and then favoring a "Prince Albert," which gave him more of a military air.

"I might do a 'lightning change,'" he said to himself, "and wear both."

But this was only a jest, of course, and he at last resorted to a popular device for settling difficult points.

"Heads for the swallow-tail, tails for the Albert," and he spun a coin in the air. Tails won the day, and he proceeded at once to array himself in the fortunate garment.

Mrs. Peasely was equally busy. She had taken out her stiff black silk, which she had not worn for so long a time that she found it too small for her, and had spent much time in "letting it out under the arms." Her self-satisfied ways showed Cleopatra found herself sufficiently convalescent to deride these preparations, but not to assist in them.

"Taking all that trouble for a lot of people who don't care a fig for you," she said. "All they want you up there for is to show you their style and make you feel ashamed. They don't get me to go."

Mrs. Peasely sewed on and said nothing.

"And there's that Mr. Puff. The idea of inviting him and not inviting pa. Why, pa would make twice the appearance that *he* would."

Jonathan, who was eating peanuts before the fire, gave a little grunt of assent.

"And as for Mr. Hatfield," continued Cleopatra, "she needn't put on airs because she's got him. Why, he was crazy to pay attention to me the first day he came here, but I discouraged him."

Mrs. Peasely opened her eyes to their widest extent.

"Well, Patty, perhaps he did, but *I* never saw it."

"You don't see everything, ma. Some of these days I'll be getting married under your very nose, and you won't know it."

"I shall be very glad to see that," replied Mrs. Peasely with a sigh.

Her sewing done, she proceeded to array herself with great care, donning a collar of "real lace," and wearing old-fashioned cameo jewelry. So unusually gorgeous did she appear that she quite took Mr. Puff's breath away as she swept into the parlor to accept of that gentleman's escort. They entered the carriage under a battery of curious eyes from the windows, and drove away, as the little comedian expressed it, "with flying colors, ma'am."

Mark received them with great cordiality, and they were soon in the elegant drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield greeted them with much warmth, introducing them to the other guests, with two of whom Mr. Puff was shortly engaged in a vigorous argument of finance, pending the appearance of the bride, and in which he came off victor.

Ruby had never looked so beautiful as when she entered upon Mark's arm, radiant with modest happiness. Her bridal robe of rich white satin, wreathed with lace and orange-flowers, was the gift of Mrs. Hatfield, and set off her fair young beauty to the greatest advantage. The pearl-white veil, that swept downward to her feet, made an exquisite framework for the lovely picture. So thought the cynical bachelor-friends who envied Mark his bride, and wondered where the deuce he'd found her. So thought Mr. Puff, who deemed it by far a finer sight than any he had ever witnessed on the stage. So thought Mark as, with a heart filled with rapturous joy, he knelt with his darling before the priest, and responded to the exquisite marriage service of the Episcopal Church. His wife at last! He murmured a little prayer of thanksgiving, while the guests crowded around and offered their congratulations.

And then the wedding-breakfast! Where Mr. Hatfield came out with an eloquence that astonished everybody, and praised the young bride till tears and smiles were seen upon her face at once, and she was fain to hide her blushes with her hand; where Mark made a little speech, the gist of which was his unutterable joy at the present moment, and ending with an appeal to friends then present to renounce a bachelor's existence forever; and where Mr. Puff shone in the most brilliant way, being called to the front of the board repartee and rich quotations appropriate for the occasion, "keeping the table in a roar" and proving to be a choice bon-vivant of the olden time.

At last the stately carriage is at the door, and the newly wedded couple must bid the guests farewell. The usual good-wishes are exchanged, the usual tears are shed, and they enter the vehicle which is to convey them to the train. They cast a look back at the house, and see Mr. Hatfield waving a handkerchief, while Mr. Puff rests one hand upon the railing, and tugs at one of his shoes, evidently with the intention of sacrificing it in their behalf.

They are too happy for words. He looks down into her eyes, and, seeing there the love she cannot speak, draws her closer to his heart, and with a feeling of ecstatic joy kisses the lips so warm with chaste affection. And she thanks God that he has heard her prayers, and brought her rest at last.

* * * * * * * *

A month had gone, and they were speeding homeward from the city of the Golden Gate. Ruby had wished to see all that was possible of her own country before visiting Europe, so they had flown westward "across the Continent," surrounded by all those luxuries of travel for which no land upon the earth can equal ours. An enchanting panorama of mountains, plains and rivers had unrolled itself before them, fraught with novelty and grandeur indescribable, and filling the mind of the young wife with wonder and delight. On their return they had stopped two days at Chicago, that marvel of the West, and enjoyed the hospitality of one of those hotels which for splendid magnificence have no superiors on the habitable globe. But even the newest and fairest joys bring some satiety, and they at length both hailed with a feeling of gladness their near approach to home. They were but a day's journey from New York, when, as night was falling, the train came to a sudden stop, and the passengers were shortly informed that, owing to a breakage of machinery, they must remain where they were for some hours at least. There was a general grumble from the occupants of the brilliantly lighted "drawing-room car," and Mark, after a little consultation with Ruby, decided that they should devote the time to a view of the bustling little town where they were detained, and finish by ordering supper at the best hotel. So they strolled through the hilly streets, and, having spent some time in gazing into windows not remarkable for anything but cheap imitations of New York successes, rendezvoused at the hotel. Here they secured a room, and Mark requested the attendance of a waiter, who speedily appeared, and presented a bill of fare with an attempt at style which was hardly warranted by his soiled apron and frowsy appearance.

"Broiled chicken and Lyonnaise potatoes, sir? Yes, sir. Bottle of stout, sir, and cup of coffee? All right, sir. Like to see the papers, sir?"

Mark nodded, and the periodical was soon forthcoming. The young man glanced up and down the blurred and dreary columns in the hope of finding something of interest that he could read to Ruby, who was leaning her little head affectionately upon his arm, when he saw with surprise the following advertisement:

TOWN HALL, TO-NIGHT.
The distinguished metropolitan favorite
MISS VIRGINIA VAUGHN,
supported by her own matchless organization, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

N. B.—The character of Celia will be impersonated by a brilliant young society lady of New York, who will make her first appearance on any stage.

Mark read this out to Ruby, who listened with delight and surprise.

"Poor Mrs. Weldon," she said. "I should so like to see the performance. Do you think we shall have time to go?"

The young man rang the bell, and directed the waiter to ascertain the exact probable leaving-time of the train. That functionary soon returned, with the information that there was no possibility of the trains departing before midnight.

"Then we will go, my dear," said Mark.

The waiter still remained. He stood by the half-open door, fumbling with his apron nervously.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said at last, "but you haven't a spare pass about you, have you, sir?"

"A spare *what?*" queried the perplexed Mark.

"Pass, sir—pass for the play to-night, sir. All the troupes give me a pass. You're the show people, aint you?"

Ruby laughed merrily.

"No, we are not," said Mark, much amused.

"Then I beg pardon, sir. My mistake. They must have gone to the other hotel, sir."

Mark handed him a dollar.

"That will do as well as a pass, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, sir; thank you, sir—*thank* you, sir," and he bowed himself out.

It lacked a few minutes to eight when they left the hotel, and a short walk brought them to the Town Hall, which was distinguished by a sickly gas-lamp over the door. Mark noted that there was a little mob of people going in, and he hoped that the attendance would be good.

"Have you a private box?" he inquired of the young man who officiated at the sale of tickets.

That individual seemed paralyzed by the question, and gazed at Mark feebly

Chicago, Hooley's Theatre, not stated.....Canton, Pa., Mrs. Frank Mayo and others, about $50.

Sept. 22: Pittsburg, Pa., Lyceum, sacred concert, Adah Richmond Combination, about $25.....New York City, Lodge of B. P. O. Elks contributed $250.....St. Paul, Minn, Athenæum, mixed entertainment, $100.

Sept. 23: N. Y. City, Gilmore's Garden, Volunteer Fire Department Concert, $5,461.60.....Philadelphia, Mæennerchor Society, concert, not stated.....Savannah, Ga., olio performance, about $314.....Lowell, Mass., about this date, amateur minstrel performance, realizing nearly $200.

Sept. 24: Plainfield, N. J., concert, amount not stated.....Trenton, N. J., not stated.....About this date the Jubilee Comedy Company, while in Grand Rapids, Mich., donated proceeds of one entertainment, amount not stated.

Sept. 25: Louisville, Ky., Opera-house, not stated.....Brooklyn, N. Y., Lyceum, Armenian Dramatic Association, $338.....Baltimore, about this date, dramatic performance by Wednesday Club, about $1,200.

Sept. 26: Brooklyn, N. Y., Athenæum, Philomethean Society, not stated; Brooklyn Music Hall, Miss Maud Giles' Concert, not stated.....Dayton, O., Association Hall, a branch of the Hutchinson Family were announced to give a concert.

Sept. 27: Atlanta, Ga., Beethoven Society, concert, amount not stated.....Haverhill, Mass., concert, $340.

Sept. 28: Philadelphia, Academy of Music, $4,803.42.....Cincinnati, Music Hall, about this date, something like $800.

Sept. 29: Boston, Mass., Turn Hall, concert by Germania Band and Turner Orchestra, amount not stated.....Chicago, North-side Turner Hall, concert, not stated; Hooley's Theatre, not stated.

Sept. 30: Salem, Mass., Mechanics' Hall, $130.

Oct. 1: Philadelphia, International Exhibition, amount not stated.

Oct. 2: Camden, N. J., Opera-house, reading by Miss Edith Webb, amount not stated.

Oct. 4: Philadelphia, Association Hall, concert by La Lyre Society, amount not stated.....Rochester, N. Y., Comedy Club, not stated.

Oct. 13: New York City, Haymarket Theatre, Sunday-night concert, amount not stated.

Oct. 14: For two weeks up to this date J. H. Huntley's Dramatic Company, traveling South, donated ten per cent. of their gross receipts.

Oct. 15, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lyceum Hall, amount not stated.

Oct. 18: San Francisco, Cal., Mechanics' Pavilion, regimental concert, amount not stated.

Oct. 23: New York City, Wallack's Theatre, amount not stated.

BASEBALL.

THE PRIZE TOURNEY.

Alaska vs. Hudson.

A Serious Accident.

The first match of the tourney in which the Hudsons of Brooklyn and the Fiyaway and Alaska Clubs of New York have entered in a contest for a purse of $100 and a silver ball was commenced on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on Oct. 22, the first teams to enter the list being the nines of the Hudson and Alaska Clubs. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the attendance numerous, while the match itself proved to be quite up to the League or International standard, as the score shows. The Hudsons presented the same team as played in the metropolitan tourney, with the exception of the substitution of Marsland of the Witokas as catcher in the place of Joe Farrell, the latter being unable to play any more, on account of business. The Alaska team, however, was a combination nine, including Larkin and Hankinson of the Chicagos, Kent of the Hudsons of Hudson, and others not original Alaskas, but four of the latter playing in the team. The contest was close up to the fifth inning, in which the Alaskas made the first run of the game, the score standing at 1 to 0 at the end of that inning. In the sixth blanks were scored by both nines, and in the seventh each added two runs to their score, the Alaskas still leading, this time by 3 to 2. In the eighth inning the Hudsons added a single to their score, and, blanking their adversaries, tied the score at 3 all. The seventh inning proved quite an exciting, as the play was first-class, and each nine was doing its level best to win. In the ninth inning the Hudsons were disposed of for a blank, and then the Alaskas came to win. Two men were on the bases, with one man out, when Rice hit a high ball to left-centre-field, which R Smith and McCord both ran in for. No call was made for one or the other to take the ball, or, if it was, it was not heard amidst the applause following the hit. At any rate, R Smith had no sooner caught the ball than, almost simultaneously, McCord collided with the unfortunate man, his head struck Smith's jaw with such force as to lay the flesh open, besides knocking him senseless, McCord being so stunned by the shock that he did not know what he was about. Taking unfair advantage of the accident, Larkin ran round the bases and scored a run, the umpire not only failing to decide the ball as caught, but also to call "Time," as he should have done the moment he saw the accident occur By this means two runs were scored which the Alaskas were not morally entitled to, the umpire failing to discharge his duty on the occasion. The injured players were removed to their respective homes, and temporary substitutes replaced them until the inning's play was finished.

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	R	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b..	0	1	0	0	0	Hankinson, r. f.	0	0	0	2	0
Marsland, c....	0	0	3	0	4	Rippelshager, c	0	0	7	1	1
Raleigh, 3d b...	1	1	0	1	0	Larkin, c. f....	1	1	0	0	0
Schenck, p.....	1	2	0	4	0	Sullivan, l. f....	1	2	4	0	1
Laven, 1st b....	0	0	20	0	1	Rice, 1st b....	2	2	14	0	3
R. Smith, 1. f..	1	2	2	0	0	O'Neil, 2d b....	0	0	1	3	1
M. Smith, s. s..	0	1	0	3	1	Kent, p.....	1	1	0	4	0
McCord, c. f....	0	1	1	0	1	Buchanan, 3d b	1	0	1	1	0
J. Raleigh, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Tracy, s. s.....	0	2	0	1	0
Totals.....	4	7	27	14	10	Totals.....	6	8	27	12	6

Hudson.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	4
Alaska.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	3	0—6

First base by errors—Hudson, 2; Alaska, 2. Runs earned—Hudson, 2; Alaska, 0. Umpire, Mr. Booth. Time, 1h. 40m.

A severe storm prevailed on Oct. 23, rendering it impossible to resume the tourney, and the blowing-down of a portion of the fence the same day obliged a postponement of the game appointed for the 24th, both games being set down for Nov. 2, 3.

PROVIDENCE vs. ALBANY.

The last regular game of the season at Albany, N. Y., took place Oct. 21 between the Albany and Providence Clubs, the result being the defeat of the former, poor judgment by Quinton of a fly to centre, which he allowed to go over his head, giving the Providence two runs, and an overthrow by Burns, with a like result, doing the business for the home nine. Aside from this, it was a splendid game on the part of the Albanys, their fielding being well-nigh perfect, and their batting generally, though not heavy, was fully equal to that of their opponents in the matter of safe hits. Hanlon fielded magnificently, putting out no less than seven men, while Critchley and Keenan played their positions for all they were worth. For the visitors, Ward's pitching, the first-base play of Murnan, Brown's catching and Higham's batting were the features. Quinton and Tobin showed up well at the bat for the Albanys, they being credited with a three and a two base hit respectively. Attendance, 2,000.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ALBANY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f..	5	2	2	2	0	0	Burns, 3d b.	4	0	1	4	3	1
Irwin, l. f....	4	0	1	2	0	0	Dunlap, 2d b	4	1	1	2	2	0
Brown, c.....	4	0	1	10	5	2	Hanlon, l. f.	4	0	0	7	0	0
Hines, s. s....	4	0	1	2	0	0	Tobin, 1st b.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Cary, s. s....	4	1	1	0	5	0	Quinton, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Murnan, 1b.	4	0	0	9	0	0	Keenan, c .	5	0	2	6	0	1
Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	2	0	Say, s. s....	5	0	1	0	0	0
McGeary, 2b	4	1	0	2	2	0	Bocap, r. f..	4	0	0	1	0	0
Ward, p.....	4	1	2	1	7	1	Critchley, p.	4	0	0	0	7	0
Totals.....	37	5	8	27	19	3	Totals..	37	2	8	27	12	2

Providence.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0—5
Albany.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0—2

First base on errors—Providence, 1; Albany, 4. Balls called—on Ward, 17; on Critchley, 16. Two base hits—Tobin, 1; Higham, 1. Three-base hits—Quinton, 1; Higham, 1. Umpire, Mr. Daniels. Time, 2h.

The above game closed the playing there for the season. It has been a highly successful one, and the directors of the Albany Club have, it is said, a surplus of five thousand dollars in their treasury. Considering that the club has been organized but little over two months, and that, besides the expense of the players, it cost at least $2,000 to put the grounds in order, this result is very satisfactory, and proves that baseball properly managed is a popular and profitable amusement in Albany. Additional improvements will be made in the grounds before next season opens. The entire share of the Albany Club in the game of Oct. 21, amounting to nearly three hundred dollars, was, through the kindness of the directors, divided among the players. The following have signed for next year: Critchley, Keenan, Tobin, Dunlap, Burns, Say, Rocap, Quinton and Hanlon, composing the present nine; and Thomas, late of the Rochesters, is to be a man in the League arena. No sooner is the disbandment of the paid-off team of 1878 announced than the new team for 1879 springs into existence, and, as officially stated, it is to be the strongest the Cincinnati Club has ever placed in the field. In the first place it is a team—for the first time since 1869—which has no cliques or rival elements in it to mar its harmonious working together. Secondly, it is a team for once selected more for their playing together for the side, and their skillful fielding, and in the creditable features of their club management during 1878, they rank with the best

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 28.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Archer, Lottie
Abbott, Nellie
Bryant, Nellie
Bateman, Alice
Beaumont, Nellie
Boskell, Carrie
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Bell, Kittie (vocalist)
Brown, Josie
Croxer-Bretto, Emma
Brice, Allie E.
Birch, Hannah
Burritt, Florence
Clifford, Florence
Collins Mrs. M. W.
Clarence, Lizzie
Carlysle, Ida
Conroy, Blanche
Dillon, Fannie
Davenport, Fannie
Delmay, Lu-lu (2)
Du Sauld, Nille
Dixon, Blanche
Deam, Lillie
Don, Laura
English, Mrs.
Emmerson, Dollie
Emerson Mrs. Wm.
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Florentine, Lillie
Fenderson, Juliette
Freeman, Ada
Florence, Mrs. Geo A.
Postelle, Belle
Gleason, Alice (vocalist)
Gardner, Marie & Harry
Grayson, Helen
Gleason, Lillie
Gilday, Mrs. Chas
Hermann, Mrs. Alex. (2)
Harvey, Mrs. H. M.
Herring, Fannie
Hill, Marian
Hall, Mrs. Fannie
Hosmer, Jean
Howe, Lillie
Hall, Marie (vocalist)
Hollis, Grace
Hayne, Mrs. E. M. (2)
Hendricks, Emma
Herd Sisters
Johnston, Minnie
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Leland, Emma
Leigh, Miss G. (care M. Leavitt) 3c.
Lee, Mrs. Georgie
Leo, Conchita
Linton, Ethel
La Monte, Allie (2)
Livingston, Mrs. A. J.
Leroy, Margarett (costumer)
Leon, Lillie
Little Dot (vocalist, etc.)
Lavelle, Eugenie
Losne, Josie
Moore, Eunice
Mestri, Eugenie (of A. Richmond's Co.)
Moore, Clara
Morgan, Anna (2)
McIntyre, Mrs. Lizzie
Mendel, Mrs. Leon ic 6c.
McClain Sisters
Moore, Laura
Markley, Edna
Markham, Pauline
Mayo, Mrs. Will
Marshall, Florence (2) 3c.
Murray, Mrs. Alice
Melville, Emily 5c.
Mulvey, Lizzie (2)
Noonan, Mrs. Wm.
Oates, Jennie
Pearson, Marie
Pilmsoll, Flora
Prestige, Fannie
Pomeroy, Louise
Price, Bijou
Pierce, Emma
Raymond, Ida
Revere, Maggie
Rosa, Lydia
Rosemary, Texana
Rallia, Grace
Richmond, Lizzie
Richmond, Adah (2)
Rinehart, Mrs. S. (2)
Richmond's Co., Manager Adah (2)
Swain, Mrs. S. C.
Smith, Sarah
Starr, Susie
Schott, Angie 5c.
Swift, Sall e 5c.
Satterlee, Jennie
Shepard, Della
Shadelle, Mrs. F.
Selwyn, Blanche
St. Felix, Madam
Seymour, Madge F.
Sanford, Lou
Sherwood, Hattie (with Ghost Show)
Theo, Josie E.
Tracy, Marian
Turnour, Jennie
Tournour, Hepsey
Vauderen, Mrs. (of Knight's Co.)
Van Zant, Mrs. Millie
Violetta & Hubbell Bros.
Vernon, Beatrice
Vern, Emma
Wentworth, Carrie
Wallack, Mrs. J. H.
Wilson, Cora (2)
Wyman, Lu-lu
Weber, Lisa
Wright, Nora
Woods, Annie (vocalist) (2)
Wiggins, Maranda
Wallace, Delilah (vocalist)
Wallace, Maggie
Yeamans, Lydia
Zoe, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, W. W.
Arlington, J. (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Allen, John (mina. 'bia')
Abecco, R. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Arizona, Chas.
Andrews, Chas. (magician) (2)
Anthony & Parsons
Avery, Frank
Andress, Prof.
Archer, C. (of Stetson's Co.)
Apgar, Geo. (2)
Atkins, C. M.
Arnold, Wm.
Aldine, Mr.
Brooks, Ellis
Benton, Chas.
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Wade)
Barr, O. H.
Brown, Ben
Bouciicault, Dion
Budd, C. B. (comedian)
Brown, Ed.
Burns, W. H.
Brooks, Lew
Batcheller, W. H.
Benford, Sam. 10c.
Bean, B. Frank
Burke, J. E. M.
Bathersby, John
Berry, Green
Bryant & Manning (3)
Brown & Barnes (2)
"Byron" (2)
Becks, Geo.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bonett, Ed. (comedian)
Bruno, Gus
Burgess, C. A. & H. E.
Bean, Frank
Bland Tom's Manager
Burns, Chip
Bell, Frank
Bratton, John
Bryan, W. H.
Bogardus, Capt. A. H.
Chenet, Joe
Conway, Neil
Carpentine, Ed.
Cole, W. W.
Claghan, T. H. J.
Clifford, Edwin
Castello, G. B.
Cody, W. F. (2)
Carlton, Frank
Crispini, U.
Cooke, J. C. (of Anderson's Circus)
Clarke, Goldie
Cummings & Hines
Colins, Chas. (Dutch "bis")
Cooke, L. E. (2)
Collins, Lew
Campbell, Willie
Clark, John B.
Callender, Chas.
Clarke, Harry (of Lottie Comb.)
Clifford, Harry
Carroll, G. A.
Campbell, R. C. (2)
Cox, R. H.
Cottrell, F. M.
Cummings, Arthur
Clancy, Steve
Curry & Hall
Crotton, Ben
Cummings & Hines
Dumont, Frank
Dailey, C. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Dockstadter, Chas.
Duncan, C. H.
Dehler, John (2)
Doty, A. (2)
Dayton, Tommy
Decato, Amos
Dunaway, W. T.
Dykeman, Ed.
Davenport, Jas.
Dewyer, John
Daly, Bobby
Davidge, Jr., Wm.
Dibolo, Prof.
D'Autrey, W.
Dodge, Sam
Evans, Jas. E.
Edwards, Prof. H.
Emidy, Jas.
Emerson & Morris (Em. & Clark)
Edmonds, Chas.
Evans, J. D.
Edgerly, L. S.
Eugene, — (late Eugene & Malcom)
Foster, A. J. (2)
Florence, Wm. 6c.
France, Syndey
Forepaugh, A. J.
Fagan, B. J.
Freese, A. (2)
Frey, Chas. (comedian) (2)
Fields & Hanson (2)
Fevors, Ed. (Irish "bis")
Fash, G. W. (2)
Fowler, W. (2)
Flint, Corinne
Forden, Dr. W. B.
Gallagher, M. A.
Goshen, Col.
Gray 6c.
Geyer, F.
Goodwin, Jr., N. C.
Grant, Ronnie
Garland, Geo. S.
Gilbert, Jas. M.
Garland, J. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Gran, Bobb.
Grover, Leonard
Gibson, F. (of Forbe's Co.)
Gaylord, E. A.
Granger, Thos.
Girard Bros.
Goodall, J. N.
Groves, F. M.
Goulding, John
Gaston, Albert
Goodwin, Sr., N. C. (2)
Haley & West
Holmes & Wert
Holmes, John W.
Howe, P. K. 6c.
Hogan, John (minst. "bis")
Human, Spaff
Hawley, Dave
Hildreth, Frank
Hamilton, W. (of A. Richmond's Co.)
Harvey, E. H.
Hepp, Jos.
Hull, Jas. R.
"H. S. S." (2)
Hurley & Marr
Heller, Robt.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros &c. 5c.
Henry, Hi
Hindull, John Mc Knight
Hawes, F. J.
Healy, Conway & Saunders
Hawley, D. R.
Hamilton, Jas.
Hammond, John (late of Kiraly's Co.)
Heywood, J. E.
Holland, J. J.
Hand, Theo.
Harris, Richd.
Harvey, J. H.
Hall, J. (late Hall & Thompson)
Hart, Dan
Hasey, Jas.
Harrington, Frank
Hawley, Frank
Howell, Mr (p o m. London, Eng.) (2)
Hart, John
Irving, Phil
Ingraham, Col. P. (2)
Jackson, Lee
Jones, Arnold
Johnson, Lew (2)
Julian, Fred
Johnson, J. M.
"J. A."
Jennings, J. W.
Jackson, J. A.
Kelly, J. D.
Kinney, F.
Kennedy & Hull, White
Kelly, J. (of Kelly & Healy)
Keegan, Peter
Kersands, Billy
Knight, G. S.
Keeler, S. C.
Kendall, H. A.
Lorella, J. C.
Leo & Holmes
Lorella, John
Lee, Harry
Long, H. K.
Lockwood, Harry
Leslie, Jas.
Long, T. B.
Liston, Hudson
Loder, C. A. & Card
Lyle, W. E. (2)
Lorrenia, — (magician)
Lamb, J. C.
Lorellas, The
Lyons, H. P. (2) 10c.
Lorella, T. A.
Leo, Mons
Lascelles, Geo.
Loomis, H. T.
Levantine & Earle
Leake, W. H.
Lawior, W. F.
Locke, E. A.
Lascelle, Geo.
Lotte Phil
McWade, Robt.
Miller, Jos. (of Campbell's Circus)
Moreland, A. C.
McWade, Robt. 10c.
Mayo, Willis
Mulligan & Morris
Murphy, J. C. (tuba player)
"M. E. S."
Morris, Andy
Marcella, Albert
Malone, Martin
Montague, Harry (5)
Marshall, Fred
Mayo & Pash
Magee, Clem
McKay, E. A. (2)
Morosco, Walter
Morse, J. T. (2)
Mayo, W. F.
Murray, A. C.
Mouk, J. A.
McMahon, M. (manager) (2)
McGlone, Pete
Mackley, F. J.
Mitchell, Walter (of Keene Eve Co.)
Mitchell, W. H.
Melville, Jas.
Montstrian)
McKay, Andy
Merritt, N. (of Robbins' Circus)
Musgrove, E. S.
Matthews, C. C. (2)
Milco, Thos.
Magee, John
Nunn, Fred
Naith Cuth, Wm.
Osborn, Harry
O'Brien, Chas.
Oakley, G. F.
Oglesby, R. M.
Pastor, Tony (2)
Pullman, Henry
Personette, Chas. T.
Perry Bros.
Perlet, H. H. (8)
Perry, Ned
Pfaff, Conrad "Pico"
Pemberton, C. E.
Parker, Jas.
Paul, Wm. (manager)
Preuter, W. E. (circus "biz")
Rogers, N. L.
Keno, Geo.
Runnells, Burnell (2)
Rooney, Pat.
Rowe, H. W.
Roe, H. W.
Raynor, John
Rentfrew, J. N.
Russell, H. J. (2)
Rickaby, John
Russell, L. (of Spaulding's S. R.)
Rotnaldo, Ad
Russell, S. S.
Retlaw & Alton
Raymond, Chas. (2)
Raymond & Murphy
Rickaby, Geo. S.
Reil, Alfred
Richards, J. M. (bandist)
Rice, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Rhinehart, S.
Ravell, C. W.
Rogers, Geo W.
Richmond, Jas. s
Suydam, Frank
Stevens, W. O'Dale
Scott, Geo.
Severts, Ch. (of Cole's Circus)
Stanley, B. 5c.
Sands, Eddie
Shull, W. A.
Stutbgen, Frank
Sanford, J. L. (2)
Stevens, John A.
Stetson, E. T. (3)
Sivalls, Chas.
Seaman, Frank
Schwartz, Alonzo
Showles, J. J.
Swain, S. C.
Stones, Alonzo
Scott, Wm.
Sutton, Geo
Sullivan, M. (of Williams & Sull.)
Smith, E. C.
Sands, Ed.
Sprague, D. J.
Sadler, Thos.
Smith & Byrne
Stuebgen, Frank
Stella bros.
Smith, J. M. (of Robbins' Circus)
Sassman & Landis
Stone, W.
Sanders, Ward Ryan & Emmett
Thompson, Jno. (of Foy & Thomp.)
Thompson, Erick (2)
Twitchell, Jas.
Thompson, Jeff
Tannehill, F. A.
Turner, John F.
Turner, Jerry
Train, Geo. Francis
Turner, Tommy
Turner, John M. (banjoist)
Tinkham, Joe
Toussey & Quinnée.
Trigonne, Mr. 10c.
Tucker, J. Lasses
Tayleure, C. W. (2)
Terschak, Herr. 10c.
Tyler, G. H.
Unrabe, Alger-aume
Varian, Isaac U.
"Variety Theatre" (2)
VanAmburgh & Co.
Wingfield, John
Washburn, Frank
Warren, Wm.
Woodson, Harry
Wood, W. B.
Watson, Fred (2)
Woodville, Jas (2)
Weber, Wm. F.
Wilcot, Frank
Wiggins, Saml.
White, Fred. (with Spaulding)
Willis, Fred
White, C. E.
Witherell, J. M.
Walte, J. B.
Keene Eve Co.)
Williams, C. J.
Wordell, Frank
Williams, Peter (candy "biz")
"W. B. R."
Wentworth, Harry
Wagner, Cal.
Washburn, E. S.
Worland, Eddie 6c.
Young, J. T.

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING PROFESSIONALS remain in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: Mette Bros. (2), H. B. Pearson, Ida Glover, Hank Clark, Thos. Reid and James Egli.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Toledo (O.) Post-office for "Punch" Homan, care Mirror of Ireland, and Prof. Gerous.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Oct. 28, '78.

There were various influences at work during the past week to draw attention from the theatres and concentrate it on other classes of metropolitan entertainments and phases of great human interests. Prominent and most potent of all in its effect on our regular places of amusement may be mentioned the great Cathedral Fair, which opened on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, and which, up to Saturday night inclusive, had been visited, it is computed, by seventy thousand persons. Thousands of this great army of sight-seers were drawn away from the theatres, the opera, and other permanent houses of public resort. The fair is a great success, and the fair ones with the golden and other locks who are to be seen in attendance at the different bazars which go to make a grand display of art and the industries of the world are by no means the least attractive of the beautiful features of the Cathedral exhibit. It is estimated that on Saturday evening last the attendance attained the colossal proportions of fifteen thousand, and "the free-list totally suspended." So those managers who viewed the scanty attendance at their own houses will understand how to account for the shrinkage in business, and the corresponding tightness in the financial department. There can be no question about the fact that stands out boldly that the church exhibition sadly interfered with theatrical and kindred performances, for the past week was an off 'un with several uptown establishments, while "Two Orphans" are forecast in the down-town region of the Bowery slope.....

Our usual joy was turned into deep sorrow one day during the past week in having our attention called to the details of a hostile encounter between a dramatic critic and an active agent resident in this city. "We" seem to have been recklessly maltreated by the inhuman agent, who planted his dexter and sinister mawleys all over our exposed and defenseless frontispiece, and made it impossible for us to appear before the object of our adoration for three several nights, raw oysters and equally raw beef being called upon to allay the smarts and stings of an injured diaphragm while we were in enforced retirement. It is shrewdly surmised that other than the pernicious agent had a hand or two in the assault upon us, and this sad recital of a prize encounter between gentlemen of an æsthetic turn of mind fills us with mortification and distrust. Those whose province it is to "hold the mirror up to nature," and whose mission is peace and good-will to men outside of the pale of the critical world, feel very sore over the result of this emeute, and have caused the wicked trespasser upon their inalienable rights to furnish bail to answer at court.....We have received a tender piece of poetry dedicated to one of the existing female operatic vocalists, and we should be pleased to give it a place in our widely-circulated journal were it not that the gentle composer, in his enthusiasm, alleges that the timbre of her high notes is like unto that of the clarionet, while the depths of her magnificent organ are only equaled by the low and reverberating tones of the bass-drum. These are fatal defects: otherwise the lines are of a far higher order than those of "Whoa, Emma!" or "My Grandfather's Clock."

.....Yes, it was kind in Mr. Bird to volunteer his services for Genevieve Ward's benefit. A gentleman who has scored as many bull's-eyes and centres as he has ought to make a hit without much exertion. And then Aranza—Mr. Bird played Aranza, you know—that is a character admirably fitted for the legal temperament. Altogether, the occasion was one which justifies a turn or two at the machine:

A FLIGHT IN HONOR OF BIRD.
Because of a Ward he played,
Nor wished to be rewarded,
This bird who bravely essayed
The wings which were freely accorded;
And should the question rise
What bird he is, why, then, sir,
Let the answer be, on the stage,
He most resembled a wren, sir's

(* This is very good as it stands, but it would be better if the Duke's name in "The Honeymoon" were Arenza (a-wren-sir) instead of Aranza. However, it is no fault of ours that the name fails to meet the exigencies of the case. The pun is all right, and that is as far as our responsibility extends.—ED.).....Although we have been bereft of Theodore Thomas, have we not gained a more Aptommas in the genial harpist who is to give us a musical lecture to-morrow evening? And we would add that, while you listen to the sweet and mellifluous strains he evokes from his wiry instrument, you might imagine that "he played on a harp of a *thousand* strings," so many is his touch and so often his manipulations......"Our Jim" wants to know the object of all those sympathy concerts he sees advertised in the daily papers; whether they are for the benefit of any particular class of sufferers, etc. The sympathies of our readers are asked in behalf of this "heathen in his blindness."".....Dear Brother Talmage having favored us with his experience of the "Night-side of Life in New York," another Samuel woke to the necessities of the occasion, and yesterday gave us his views of the "Day-side o' New York Life." This concord of sweet sounds was delivered by Rev. Samuel Colcord. The other phases of this many-sided subject will find suitable exponents in good season. Let us be thankful for what has so far been vouchsafed to us....Brother Henderson of the Standard announces "*Almost* a Life." We may be pardoned for saying that Fritz Emmet gave our managerial friend a new lease of life when he commenced his present brilliant engagement at the Standard.....When horses run away with actresses we think a better understanding should be had so as not to bring the narrow escapes so close together, because in a multiplicity of calamities one is always sure to detract from the interest of another, and so the general effect is lost.....But few managers were obliged to club people away from their doors last week. In sooth, had the thing been at all feasible, managers would by no means have laid themselves open to censure had they essayed to club people forward....We are a bit worried about Moody and Sankey, now that they are separated. Will they be able to go it alone in the stand they have taken, or will one be eventually called upon to assist the other?.....The great storm of Oct. 23 showed what we are capable of in the way of natural water-effects. And so, emulating the outside exhibit on that day, Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" has developed a real Lake, while Niblo's Garden is only satisfied with a perfect "Deluge".....To be consistent, "Our Jim," who finds great difficulty in getting above the first round in his great ladder feat, now *eats backward*—that is, he begins at the last dish in his dinner bill of fare, and eats his way to the top; and this, he assures us, is the happiest and the easiest task of a weary life.....While Niblo's Garden seems to be revivifying under the genial rays of—genial rays—while the genial rays of—any how, while the old dramatic temple is on the up-grade once more, that other establishment farther down Broadway—and belonging to the same estate—Stewart's wholesale drygoods store, at Chambers street—is soon to be "left," and the trade thereof, at least what is left of it, is to be transferred to the uptown house. If the ground was not encumbered by such a colossal structure, the site would answer very well for a circus for a stand of a few days; but we fear that the line of the law will take possession of the building with the retirement of the House of Stewart.....We must have fallen upon evil times when even the giants of our age are subjected to robbery. There was Barnum's big man, for example. He had laid up his treasures where thieves break through and steal—viz., New Jersey—and he might have lost all his jewels and plate if the burglars had not been captured. The giant, whose everyday name is John Bass, will not stand this sort of thing much longer. That thought inspires us to sing:

BEWARE!
What reckless Lilliputians dare
To rob our mighty giant?
Fee-fo-fi-fum! Let all beware,
For, though he seemeth pliant,
If once he gets his dander up,
With a loud-mouthed bravado,
This Bass will be most apt to give
Them all a Bass-tinado!

.....And talking about circuses, "Our Jim" is not very well pleased with Lotta in her new play of "La Cigale." It seems that the boy took her in on Saturday night, and he says that Lotta is not like everybody else when they get up in the world; for, while she was good enough to take up with the circus people when she was *poor*, and hadn't even a cellar-door to shelter her, and found pleasure in the society of the clown and Hercules, and the lightning calculator and other sympathetic show people, just so soon as she finds herself an heiress and a dukess, she flies her kite as high as the unfinished Brooklyn Bridge, goes back on her old show friends, and shakes the sawdust from her dainty little feet. Heretofore, Jim has been an ardent admirer of Charlotte, and has even gone so far as to send her chewing-gum and verses to match; but her present conduct has forever opened his eyes to her perfidy, and he shakes her like an aspen leaf. No more gum-drops for her, no more fig-paste, no more bolivars, no more tender lines of beautiful poetry. We endeavored to expostulate with the vicious boy, and explain to him that the motive of the play *compelled* her to act as she did; but he wouldn't have it. "What I see," said he, "is that's the kind of a grasshopper she is, give her a potater-bug fust!".....Shoud another war break out in Europe, we shall be flooded, probably, by lyric artists and others who have been "completing their studies there."".....Levy the cornetist now claims to be "the greatest player on earth." *We* thought he was a player on brass. (This innocent little bit is susceptible of two meanings, and, apprehensive that it may be taken in the wrong view of it, we hasten to disavow any intention to wound his feelings, or to "bring a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious." How's that, Jimmy? "Well, it looks like as if *you* was a-eatin' backwards, too; but peace is me motto, and I'd let her go at that."—ED.).....Thanksgiving is a-coming! Thursday, November 28, has been fixed upon, and, as it is always a good day for big houses, managers of traveling troupes and owners of halls had better make their arrangements in time. A word to the wise thanksgivers is sufficient.....One of the effects of the new play to be produced this evening at the Theatre Comique is a crash and steamboat collision. That is right. We have had nothing but *real* steamboat explosions of late, and things were getting tame. The mimic representation will be a relief to our sorely-tried feelings.....The great hurdle-rider Morgan has joined Barnum's show. We stop the press to say that, if any of our readers imagine this Morgan to be Johnny Morgan who plays the organ, they are mistaken—his name is William, and a good enough Morgan he is, too.....Election being closed at hand, mass meetings—which ground and lofty tumbling forms a feature of the entertainments—are now of nightly occurrence. These free exhibitions may slightly interfere with legitimate amusements, but not for long. Some good stock might be taken from our stump orators and grafted upon the legitimate boards. .....Somebody should be getting ready to recite that soul-stirring composition "Beautiful Snow." From its early and growing prevalence, which gets everything first now, intelligence reaches us that snow has been falling there, and that, too, before we have had a chance to get in anything about the melancholy days, the sere and yellow leaf, etc. It may be well to remind our readers that, up to the present time, no trace of the author of "Beautiful Snow" has been discovered; and, therefore, anybody can use it. We have received by the hundred thousands of letters from all parts of the world asking if *we* did not write that poem. We are not of those who, like Arbuckle and Bent, blow their own trumpet; hence we neither admit nor deny the accusation, for "silence is golden.".....Parties who are exhibiting the phonograph throughout the country were in a high state of excitement last week over the news that Edison's latest is a boy! What next?.....Tony Pastor presents an unusually fine array of talent this week at his Broadway Palace Theatre. His pathetic ballad in reference to the whereabouts of Moses is still a much-mooted question. It's a curious fact in our domestic economy that the overflow from Tony Pastor's and the overflow from Niblo's Garden help to crowd both houses. You would scarcely believe this, would you?..... *Watch* presentations are in order just now. This is a good way, and this is the proper *time* to show *people* how to *keep the piece*.....You will probably make a correct *minute* of this without *our* assistance; but, for fear you may get befogged, we have italicized the *striking* points.—ED.] We are to get "Carmen" again to-night, and Philadelphia has already endorsed the opinion of New York respecting the merits of this opera. It is something to find anything new, and successful, in that line. In years to come, when the airs of "Carmen" shall have grown as familiar as are those of "Martha" and "Il Trovatore," the student of music will turn back and pensively ponder over these pertinent poetlizings [copyrighted]:

"CARMEN."
When "Carmen" you see—if you see it—
And you're calm in your judgment, pray note
How promptly your taste will decree it
A success, by a very large vote.
And further observe—if you ever
For odd sort of things have a love—
That here is an opera which shows you
A Hauk who is really a dove!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Miss Marie Gordon occupied a box on the night that Von Stamwitz made her metropolitan debut in English. Miss Mary Anderson occupied another. Dion Boucicault was pretty much all over.....The "Commodore" of the Plymouth Rock is to pilot Genevieve Ward from Brooklyn all the way across the Continent. Genevieve in after-ages may point with pride, and probably with profit, to the many places the model Joseph Tooker..... Mme. Tournaire, so long without a rival in the manage-act, has at last a successor. Among old circus men there is no division of opinion as to the side-saddle equestrianism of Emma Louisa Thatcher, now with Barnum's Circus. They pronounce it the finest ever seen in this city..... Who does not recognize the name of Joe Crocheron, and what Bowery "boy" forty years old will fail to remember Manus Kelly? The refreshment table at the Cathedral Fair is in charge of Mrs. Joseph Crocheron, now of the Sumner House, and among her assistants is Barney Williams' sister, Widow Manus Kelly.....Henry D. Palmer of Jarrett & Palmer sails for England on Nov. 2, accompanied by his family. This means that it is the present intention of the firm to become permanent managers in Great Britain.....John Deuler is doing "Humpty Dumpty" almost exclusively for the titivation of juveniles in out-of-town places, and so far has done an encouraging business at extreme "popular prices"—ten cents..... Mrs. Adams has placed a vase of dark-blue Quincy granite at the foot of her husband's remains, in Philadelphia, and at the head a stone bearing this inscription: "Edwin Adams. Born Feb. 3, 1834. Died Oct. 28, 1877.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This is a man."

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Charles Rockwell's drunken scene was one of the spots. He was called for at the end of the act, but instead of him the Misses Coghlan and Boniface and the Messrs. Coghlan and Shannon came on. Shannon's Mr. Russet was another character well done in spots. Also in spots the text was altered to suit the occasion whom age had unfitted for certain parts.....Charles Spalding, manager of Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, was in this city Cincinnati last week.....The funds raised in behalf of Sig. Mario the ex-vocalist, residing in Rome, Italy, now amount to about $15,000, and it is proposed to purchase for him a villa.....Miss Agnes Proctor did the best she could with the bad part of Adele, and the other characters received satisfactory treatment. On Saturday night Charles Christrup and his entire orchestra, lately performing in Booth's Theatre, began a season's engagement here. Arthur Bent's cornet-solos during the evening proved an agreeable feature. The house was crowded, and "La Cigale" seems destined to have a run, as it will evidently please those who go to theatres simply to be amused. No matinees will be given during Lotta's engagement. "Old Love-letters" was repeated until Saturday, and was followed by "Baby" Oct. 21, 24, 25, and "Champagne and Oysters" 23, 28, the cast being as follows: Godfrey Grahame, James Lewis; Ichabod Herring, F. Hardenberg; Leander Thombuck, J. E. Whiting; Richard Melville, F. Sanger; Billy Weasel, W. F. Owen; Georgina Grahame, Mrs. Agnes Booth; Clara Barkins, Minnie Palmer; Betsy, Sydney Cowell; Mlle. Victorine, Marie Chester.

STANLEY DUST, formerly business-manager for Robt. Heller, is to return here early in November.

ROBERT STICKNEY, the well-known equestrian, who returned from Europe Oct. 20, did not perform while abroad.

GUS ROBINSON and his mother, Mrs. John Robinson, of Cincinnati, O., are in town.

"FULL AS A GOOSE stuffed with sage and onions for a Christmas dinner" may be a homely phrase, but it typifies the condition last week of the auditorium of the Standard Theatre during the entertaining performance of J. K. Emmet in his "New Fritz."

AT HARRY MINER'S THEATRE the arrivals Nov. 28 are "Yank" Adams, dextrous finger-billiardist, who will be assisted one night only—Nov. 1—by William Sexton; the Zanfretta Pantomime Company—Alex., Flora and Leopold Zanfretta and George Kane; W. O. Dale Stevens, Linda Jeal, John B. Wills and May Adams, Mollie Wilson, Ward and Wells, Vic Reynolds, Frank and Josie De Forrest, and Haley and West. G. L. Stout is now the stage-manager.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN the arrivals this week are Eliza Newton, the Franklins, Mully Fenton, Howard and Thompson, Holbrook and Ryan, Kitty Allyne, Gartland and Haly, May Arnott, Frank Howard, Miss Rice and Sam Norman.

The latter have secured the right to sell books of the opera in the lobbies of the Academy, and are charging thirty-five cents apiece; while Rullman, who used to sell inside at aristocratic rates, is now selling outside at "popular prices"—ten cents..... Mrs. Adams has placed a vase of dark-blue Quincy granite at the foot of her husband's remains, in Philadelphia, and at the head a stone bearing this inscription: "Edwin Adams. Born Feb. 3, 1834. Died Oct. 28, 1877.

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TWO WEEKS of burlesque have been almost too much for the people of St. Louis, and the advent of John McCullough at one house and McKee Rankin at the other will be hailed with delight. For the second week of Rice's Extravaganza Company at the Opera-house, "Conrad the Corsair" was presented, and ran till Friday night, when "Evangeline" was once more brought forward. In "Conrad," Harry Hunter, who has heretofore been known mainly as the Lone Fisherman, was a most agreeable surprise in the speaking character of Birbranto. Richard Golden as Russell was very comical, and made one of the hits of the piece. Yeatie Clancey sang the music of Medora acceptably, the male chorus were very good, and the remainder of the cast fluctuated from good to fair. McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard begin 28 in "The Danites." .....At the Olympic "Robinson Crusoe," as presented by Colville's Folly Combination, drew good houses, Mlle. Eme Roseau has been too ill to appear during the week—quite a disappointment to the audience, but partly atoned for by the clever and graceful manner in which her part was played by Miss Merville. "Babes in the Wood" was given 25, 26. John McCullough begins 28. He will be supported by Charles Barron and the regular Olympic company. Advices of Oct. 25.

ADA CAVENDISH'S second week at Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., was even more successful than the first. "The New Magdalen" was given 21, 22, "My Mother-in-law" and "Laughing Hyena" matinee 23, "As You Like It" night 23, and "Romeo and Juliet" 24. For 25 Miss Cavendish was to have acted in "The School of Scandal," but she was suddenly stricken down with congestion of the lungs, and has since been unable to appear. She has been quite ill, and it is not certain that she will be able to fill her engagement in Philadelphia the coming week. The matinee bill of 23 was given 25, "Lady of Lyons" matinee, and "Louis XI" night of 26. John Albaugh once more appearing. Oliver Doud Byron and Sam Devere are underlined for 28.

AT THE EUCLID-AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE, Cleveland, O., Lawrence Barrett opened Oct. 21 in "Richelieu" to a packed house. "Othello" was presented 22, but, owing to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was only fair. "Marble Heart" was given 23, and "Hamlet" 24 to another big house. A special train was run on the Lake-shore R. R., starting from Bellevue, sixty-eight miles from the city, and bringing 550 people from all along the road. Mr. Barrett was to have presented his new piece entitled "A New Play" 25. "Hamlet" will be given matinee and "The Merchant of Venice" and "David Garrick" night of 26.....Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Combination are to occupy the Academy of Music 31, Nov. 1, 2.

HAMILTON GRIFFIN, manager for Mary Anderson, publishes his address in our business department, and states that that lady's dates are all filled.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMPANY will show in Danbury, Ct., Oct. 30, Norwalk 31, Stamford Nov. 1, New Haven 2.

MANAGER N. D. ROBERTS publishes a card reminding the members of his "Humpty Dumpty" Co. that rehearsals begin at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 31.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the most salient features of the programme given during the week ending Oct. 26 included the specialties of Gallagher and Reynolds, Lillian Murphy and Fletcher, Curley and Hagan, the La Rosa Brothers, and the concluding drama entitled "The Guerrilla Chief," in which Yankee Locke appeared as Hezekiah Goferum. Bob Harrison, a great favorite, displayed a rich fund of humor in the act entitled "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" and is also deserving of mention for his clever and artistic singing of songs of the day. Joseph P. Winter appears 28 in "Daniel Boone."

MISS MILLY HERBERT of London will shortly make her debut in this country, in Philadelphia, in the new play "Nemesis."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, has been engaged for Christmas week by a well-known manager who will produce a spectacular play.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, the dramatic portion of the entertainment given last week consisted of a revival of "Fanchon," in which Miss Effie Johns as Fanchon presented many points of excellence. L. R. Willard, who then made his first appearance in Philadelphia, was excellent as Didier. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will has produced 28.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., during the past week, Miss Fanny Davenport occupied the stage, appearing in "Olivia" Oct. 21, 22, 23, and matinee, and in "Pique" during the remainder of the week. "Olivia" did not draw good houses, though the performance was excellent, and was applauded to the echo. An extra attraction was given the star by the stock company of the best, Messrs. Hardie, Stuart, McClannin and Little, together with Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Prior appearing to great advantage. The performance of "Pique," however, drew crowded houses, standing-room being difficult to secure at the matinee. In this, Miss Davenport and Mr. Harry Moore Edeson, palm, Genevieve Ward appears 28 and Janauschek to follow.....At the Academy of Music Miss Mary Anderson is to appear this week under the management of John P. Smith. She performs in "Evadne" 28 and 29, "The Hunchback" 30, 31, "Romeo and Juliet" Nov. 1, as also matinee 2, and in "Macbeth" night 2.

F. B. ARTHUR'S DRAMATIC COMPANY played in Wellsville, N. Y., Oct. 24, 25, 26, and are to be in Hornellsville 31, Nov. 1, 2. Mr. Ashton informs us that Little Dorritt Ashton is the special feature. E. C. Young is the agent. This is the company that was reported to us last week under the title of "Ashley's New Comedy Company, with Mrs. D. T. Hall as the star."

SAM S. SANFORD'S "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination is to play in Honeybrook, Pa., Oct. 29, New Holland 30, 31, Strousburg Nov. 1, Lancaster 2.

THE COLVILLE FOLLY COMPANY are to play this week in Allen's Opera-house, Louisville, Ky.

IN TROY, N. Y., the Museum Opera-house had W. E. Chapman and "Sappho" Ellis in a protean dialogue, serving as a medium for exhibiting an Edison phonograph, Oct. 21, 22, 23, while on 25, 26, Robert McWade and company played "Rip Van Winkle" to good houses. McWade's route ahead is Poughkeepsie 28, Middletown 29, Elizabeth, N. J., 30, Winstead, Ct., 31, Bridgeport Nov. 1, South Norwalk 2, Brooklyn 4, for one week. Evansville Eytinge in "A Woman of the People" appears here 28.

MCWADE'S dog "Schneider" was run over by a wagon and killed in Ohio a fortnight ago, and buried with honors by the company. Henceforth Mc will play dogless.

ROSE EYTINGE and company concluded a not over profitable engagement in the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Oct. 26. She appeared 21, 22, in "Rose Michel;" 23, 24, "Led Astray;" 25, "A Woman of the People; 26, "Oliver Twist." Oct. 28 the Park Theatre Company, with James Lewis, Agnes Booth, etc., will commence a week's engagement.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., Buffalo Bill's Combination drew a fair audience Oct. 24. Booked: Frank Harrison with his "Shayle" 28, Mary Anderson Nov. 4, Maggie Mitchell 12.

JOHN DENIER'S "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe plays in Lansingburgh, N. Y., Oct. 28, Cohoes 29, Troy 30.

MARRIED.—On Oct. 24, in Indianapolis, Ind., Major Wm. D. Spiking of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Mary E. Thomas, were united in marriage. The bride was for two seasons prior to this connected with the Pittsburg Opera-house company, her stage name having been Marie Bernard. Major Spiking is at present superintendent of several street-car lines in Pittsburg.

THE CASE OF W. WHITING & Co. against the Pittsburg Opera-house occupied the attention of the Supreme Court at a session held Oct. 23 in Philadelphia. The question raised was whether a *verbal* contract of lease for a term *exceeding* three years from the making thereof is valid for three years from the making, or is only good as a lease from year to year, determinable upon the will of the lessee, in the absence of a written lease signed by the act of Assembly in cases of leases at will. Whiting & Co. were tenants of the Opera-house Company, and claimed that, in consideration of the erection by them of a certain elevator on the leased premises, the president of the Opera-house Company had verbally agreed in March, 1874, that they should have an extension of their lease for three years from April 1, 1878, the expiration of the term they were then holding. The Opera-house Company denied the making of any such agreement, and ejected the plaintiffs in error, who took the case from the Alderman's Court to the Court above. They sought to be reinstated in the possession of the premises, and to recover damages for the ejection. The jury gave them $10,000 damages and the possession of the premises. The verdict was, however, subject to a point of law reserved, which raised the question first above stated. The statute of frauds provides that all leases, estates, interests of freeholds or term of years, made by parol only and not put in writing, and signed by the parties so making the same, shall have the force of leases or estates at will only, "except, nevertheless, all leases not exceeding the term of three years *from the making thereof*." Under the statute the Court below decided the parol lease inoperative, and entered judgment in favor of the Opera-house company. This ruling was assigned as error by Whiting & Co., who brought the case to the Supreme Court, contending that possession of the premises and the performance by them of their part of the contract should take the case out of the statute of frauds; and, further, that, under English and American authorities, a three years' lease beginning in the future had been held to be outside of the provisions of the statute of frauds. The Supreme Court, however, took the opposite view of the law, and saying that the evidence showed no reason to take the case out of the statute, affirmed the judgment of the lower Court. [It should be understood that N. Whiting & Co. were not lessees of that portion of the opera-house devoted to theatrical entertainments, but of some portion of the premises in front of the theatre used for business purposes.—ED. CLIPPER.]

THE ELITE of Fort Wayne, Ind., greeted Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau Oct. 24, when she appeared as Grace Shirley in Tayleure's comedy-drama entitled "Parted," in which she has ample scope to display that natural, quiet, refined style of acting so acceptable and pleasing. The support was excellent, notably S. K. Chester as Dorsey Shirly. Archie Cowper as De Woolf, Julian Mitchell as the negro servant, Rufus Scott as Stanbow, Miss Ethel Graybrooke as Mrs. De Woolf, Nellie Boyd as Ida De Woolf, and Little Kate as Maud filled out the picture in its entirety. Business is reported good. They were in Hillsdale, Mich., 25, Toledo, O., 26, 28, and open in Cleveland 29, for one week.

LOTTA and an excellent company appeared at the Providence (R. I.) Opera Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, to a series of large and enthusiastic audiences. "Zip," "Musette," and "La Cigale" were the pieces given.....At Low's Opera-house Kate Clarton and company had fair audiences at the matinee and evening performances 23.....Thayer's "Little Em'ly" Company appeared 24 to a piece 24, 25, 26, to paying business. The performance was very good, and the scenery first class.....Lamb & McDonough's Combination are billed for this week in "Miss."

A PARTNER who can invest from $500 to $1,000 is wanted to take an interest in a first-class comedy company. For further particulars read John F. Ryan's card.

A LADY is wanted for leading business and boys' parts with a burlesque and opera-bouffe company. See "Orpheus" advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT in "Otto," supported by John Rickaby's company, are to play in Wooster, O., 21, Canton 23, Youngstown 23, Meadville, Pa., 24, Corry 25, Erie 26, Syracuse, N. Y., 28, Oswego 29, Utica 30, Albany, 31, Nov. 1, 2.

HARRY LACY and his wife, Josephine, who will be remembered by former habitues of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, have had domestic quarrels which have finally reached the courts, culminating in a suit for divorce by the husband, and the granting of a warrant for his arrest on a charge of perjury in the proceedings growing out of said divorce suit.

THE MARIE GORDON COMBINATION, including Marie Gordon, J. B. Booth, Wm. Davidge Sr., and Miss Geraldine Maye will appear in Magnus' dramatization of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 28. Charles Pope commences an engagement at that theatre Nov. 4

"A MESSENGER FROM JARVIS SECTION" was presented at the Grand Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 21 to a fair house, and on each succeeding night during the week the audiences were large, considerable interest being shown to see Barney Macauley as Uncle Dan'l. His conception of this character is a gratifying relief from the traditional stage Yankee. Al. Lipman, whose stage experience was chiefly acquired in this city, appeared to good advantage as Sandy Mitchell. The company gave an even support to the star. Rice's "Evangeline" is the next attraction, opening 28 for one week, followed by Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Combination Nov. 4, 5, 6, "Diplomacy" Combination 7, 8, 9, Eliza Weathersby's Froliques 11, 12, 13, and Billy Emerson's Minstrels 14, 15, 16. Advices of Oct. 25.

THE METROPOLITAN AGENCY advertises for a dramatic company to open at the Court-square Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4.

ALBERT W. AIKEN is ready to negotiate for engagements to appear in his sensational drama of "The Owls of New York." He has two versions of the play, one suited to novelty houses. Particulars are published in his card elsewhere. Managers are requested to cancel all of his combination dates without further notice.

NEWS FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., up to Oct. 20, is sent as follows by our correspondent:

The play of many titles, but now known as "A Woman of the People," was produced at Baldwin's Oct. 14, on the occasion of the complimentary benefit tendered to Thomas Maguire, and its first as well as each subsequent representation attracted overflowing houses. The audiences have not only been large, but appreciative and enthusiastic. On no former occasion have the members of the company of this theatre appeared to better advantage than in this play, and their acting would redeem and insure the success of a poorer drama. Chief praise is due Miss Rose Wood for her artistic, natural and pathetic impersonation of Marie; the scene where she learns the baseness of her husband in stealing her few hard-earned francs, her grief in parting with her child at the Foundling Hospital, her despair at its loss, her interview in the mad-house with her husband, were powerfully rendered, and displayed the possession of rare dramatic and emotional power. As Dr. Appiel, Lewis Morrison surpassed all past efforts, not excepting his pet character of Jacob McCloskey, his hitherto best at Baldwin's. His masterly delineation of the sly, unprincipled and utterly villainous Fenwick Schmidt was simply perfection. As Schmidt's partner in villainy, Harry Edwards was a prominent success, as was also Mrs. Barton Hill as Laertes, Frank Lawlor as Ghost, Miss De Forrest as Ophelia, Miss Grace Pierce as Queen, and Miss Lottie Gilbert as the Player Queen. The representation was far from being satisfactory. "Fatinitza" is to be produced 21, and the management have expended several thousands of dollars upon it. The cast will embrace Miss Mathilde Cottrelly and Mr. Rosenthal, French and German artists well and favorably known, who will make their first appearances in English-speaking characters.....At the Bush-street Theatre, as Alice Oates and her company have repeated the various operas in which they have already appeared during this engagement, business has dropped off, and consequently the receipts at the Box-office are slightly less, and the audiences are less than during former weeks. The management announce the first performance in this country of Lecocq's comic opera of "Le Petit Duc." The plot was given in THE CLIPPER shortly after its original production in Europe. Alice Oates made a special journey to Paris to see the opera played under the supervision of its author, and received from him the necessary instructions for its production in this country. She also purchased from Worth a magnificent wardrobe, which is now on exhibition in the windows of a leading drygoods store on Kearney street, where it attracts considerable attention, and forms a splendid advertising card. "Hazel Kirke" has attracted but poor business at the Grand Opera-house, where L. A. Imhaus as Snorkey, E. E. Sullivan as Byke, Miss Henrietta Osborn as Laura Courtlandt, Miss Georgie Woodthorpe as Peachblossom, and Mrs. Frank Rea as Old Judas gave excellent representations of the several characters allotted to them. "Rosedale" was produced for the first time in this city at the matinee 19, when S. W. Piercy appeared as Maurice..... The Standard, under the management of M. A. Kennedy, after being newly upholstered, remodeled, painted, decked and refurnished throughout, with an elegant new drop-curtain, stage furniture and new scenery, at a cost of over ten thousand dollars, will open Oct 28 with Rice's Surprise Party, who will produce "Hiawatha" as the principal attraction. Our correspondent telegraphs, under date of Oct. 26: "House all sold for first night, and big sale for week." The house can comfortably hold 1,800 audience. F. Kirby will act as business-manager.....The Bella Union is nightly packed. The attractions for next week will be prize-ring exercises by Donovan and Maynard, Valdis Sisters, Rickey and McCarthy, specialties by Charley Reed, Patti Rosa, Ida De Vere, Tommy Bree, G. C. Thompson and Bob Scott, and the production of "Madelaine, or the Woman of the People." During the first performance at Baldwin's of "A Woman of the People" an amusing accident to the "property" baby excited roars of laughter. During the third act, where Rose Wood identifies her child in embracing it, the head of the infant dropped off and rolled to the footlights. After a moment's embarrassment, Miss Monroe picked it up and tossed it back into the cradle, where the body was reclining. A real live baby, named Augusta Pond, was engaged at a weekly salary of $15, to personate Marie's child, and its appearance on the stage affords considerable amusement to the audience.....Harry Courtaine is again dangerously ill.....Owing to the extensive preparations being made for the proper production of "Le Petit Duc," the Bush-street Theatre will not be opened 20.....Jean Clara Walters is going to play Romeo to Mrs. Scott Siddons' Juliet at Portland next week.....The Rice Surprise Party will arrive here 24.....Miss Augusta Darzon will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at the Grand Opera-house on Monday, when a new play will appear, Camilla or old Oro Fino Theatre, Portland, Oregon, was destroyed by fire 10.....W. T. Porter has been engaged as scenic artist for the New Market Theatre, Portland..... Ella Chene, late of the Standard, has returned here to join the Baldwin Company.....May Hart and J. W. Jennings will arrive 22.....Zirella, character dance artist, is at the Alhambra, Virginia City.....The W. H. Fitzgerald Combination will return from Salem 28, where they have played to splendid business.....Alfred Singer will take a marionette show through the interior this month.....No new arrivals to announce at any of the variety theatres.

THE MUSICAL PARTIES in Chicago, Ill., up to Oct. 26, are thus reported by our correspondent:

At McVicker's Miss Katy Mayhew, with the special support of Charles J. Edmonds in addition to that of the regular company, has presented Green and Thompson's version of "Miles." There are the possibilities of an excellent drama in this story. The first act is strong and vigorous the second fair, but the introducing of material from another of Bret Harte's sketches, "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands," would have been more carefully and ingeniously done. The third act is only tolerable, the humor being forced and the thread of incident too meagre for elaboration. Miss Mayhew has not made a success, and cannot make the continuation by Dinsmore of the original story lacks the spice or flavor of Bret Harte's humor or pathos. It only goes to prove that in the dramatization of an author it is best to stick to the author's story and style, and not strive to introduce extraneous matter. The piece was handsomely put on the stage, the scene representing Smith's Pocket, with the hotel and schoolhouse in the foreground, the Sierra Nevada Mountains in background, and the effect of stage-and-four, being realistic and effective. The scene of Dead-man's Gulch was also excellent. The scene representing the jail was a fine piece of work, the back of stage being occupied by a log building, the front being of bars, which fades away, showing the interior, where the trial progresses. The mountains are seen in the distance, while immediate in front is a flume rising above the jail and stretching across the stage. The scene of the fourth act represented a handsome parlor in San Francisco. Miss Mayhew acted Miles with considerable pathos, force and humor, and when more carefully practiced in the natural delivery of the peculiar dialect, will have in this an excellent addition to our portrait-gallery of the eccentric characters of the mining districts of California. Charles J. Edmonds as Yuba Bill, in the wholly filling the Bret Harte ideal of the character, gave a healthy, breezy portraiture of the driver of the Sacramento mail. He was thoroughly artistic in the specimen of Yuba Bill's character as made by Harry Pearson in his impersonation of Old Bummer Smith, Miles' father. It was a wonderfully fine piece of character drawing; and the only thing in fact, Colonel Bob Mercutio, he is killed off early in the play. W. F. Edwards made up in the picturesque costume of a Mexican, did some effective work as Manuel Torres. The rest of the characters call for no special mention, but were well taken care of by the Misses Annie Graham and Belle Melville, and the Messrs. Walter Kelly, J. R. Everham, W. A. Whitecar, J. H. Browne, Dallas Welford and W. A. Neville. J. Denham showed excellent taste by keeping the Chinese part of Wongkee within natural bounds, while Roland Reed made the part of Judge McSnagley prominent by an admirable make-up and a humorous characteristic dialect. "Rosedale" will be continued another week, having done a very fair business the past week. "Rosedale" is shortly to be produced.....At Hooley's the business, while not so large as that of the first week of Robson and Crane, has continued excellent. "Our Bachelors" remaining the attraction. "Eccentric cherubs" have still further extended their already large list of admirers, and can always count on a friendly welcome. They go East, through Michigan, from here Salsbury's Troubadours begin a two weeks' season 28, opening in "The Brook." Haverly's German Opera Company will present two operettas by Offenbach all the past week at the New Chicago, to light business. "Giroflé Giroflá," in its entirety, will be given next week.....N. B. Curtis, the California comedian, has purchased "The Hoodlum" from W. A. Mestayer, and will shortly produce it at one of our theatres. He has already invested in a one-eyed bulldog for one of the cast.....A company organized by Merton & Turner, and paid one week's salary in advance, left here Oct. 3, and opened in Morris, Ill., that night; but there being only $3.05 in the house, no performance was given. They returned to town the next morning. 22. This must certainly be the shortest season on record..... The Western and Northwestern country is crowded to the brim with theatrical troupes, more than ever known before, and, being mostly inferior organizations, little business is done, even the better shows failing to draw.....Charles Crouse, agent of the Salsbury Troubadours, has been busy there the past week preparing for their opening.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S new play, "The Lower Million, a Record of the Riots," had its first presentation upon any stage at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house Oct. 21.

The cast was: Frank Farwell, a model mechanic, W. F. Burroughs; Ram Slaney, a good fellow, Wm. Herbert; Patrick Gilhooley, a striker, T. G. Riggs; Louis Le Bois, a communist, T. F. Egberts; Mr. Brownley, a model employer, Robert F. Wilson; Gottlieb Geister, Charles Webster; Georges Gilbert, a bad employer, Louis Howard; Len. Langden, a cripple, Miss Annie Bleakley; Alice Brownley, Miss Lillian Cleves Clarke; Grace Brandon, Miss Anita Harris, and Mary Josephine Cooper; Mrs. Charlotte Neville. The play is in four acts, and the story is of the love of a poor but honest and inventive mechanic for the beautiful daughter of the model employer. The lady reciprocates his passion. The bad employer, who is the rival of the mechanic in love, and who by forgery is eventually about to pass into the ownership of all the property of the model employer, is foiled in his dishonest intentions by the fortunate discovery by a crippled boy of some important papers, and the opportune arrival of the model mechanic, who is now the possessor of wealth and fame. The hearts of the mechanic and daughter are united, and retribution overtakes the villain. There is not much in the plot; but the dialogue is rather entertaining, and several of the situations are effective, if not natural. The play is not pregnant with the elements of popularity; and as regards the scenes incidental to the riots, there is but little in it that represents the realities of those stirring times to our people. "The Lower Million" is, perhaps the weakest of Mr. Campbell's dramatic productions. As the week wore on, alterations for the better were made in the piece, troops being introduced, etc. The company in the main is a good one. Mr. Egberts played the thankless part of the French communist admirably. His dialect was faultless and his action artistic. Miss Clarke handled her role skillfully and effectively, and Messrs. Riggs and Burroughs were competent in their respective representations. Some of the scenery was freshly painted, and filled the requirements of the occasion. The view of Pittsburg was a very creditable picture. The attendance was a improvement on that of the two previous weeks. Lawrence Barrett appears 28, and J. W. Collier's "Celebrated Case" Company Nov. 4.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Brooklyn, E. D., is advertised for sale. The house is well located.

OUR BOSTON LETTER upon amusements from our regular correspondent, and dated Oct. 21, is as under:

The new and successful comedy "My Son," which has held the boards at the Boston Museum during the past four weeks to crowded houses, will be shelved after its thirty-ninth performance, on the afternoon of Nov. 2, and will be replaced in the evening of that date by the original English version of "Diplomacy," under which title another adaptation of the same work opened the season. The cast will differ from that of its first representation in several material respects, chief of which will be the interchange of parts of Countess Zicka and Dora by Marie Wainwright and Annie Clarke. "Olivia" will soon be reproduced, and there will be a revival of W. D. Howells' comedy "A Counterfeit Presentment." A new comedy by the same author, a series of the old standard comedies, and the London success "H. M. S. Pinafore" are underlined.....Cosette" has enjoyed a prosperous week at the Boston Theatre, ending 26, the superb scenic garb in which it is dressed, and the fine casting of Louis James, Little Zoe Tuttle, Mrs. Thomas Barry and C. Leslie Allen, D. J. Maguinnis and W. H. Price, winning much applause. Zoe Tuttle, who receives a large share of praise, has been presented with a floral basket nearly as large as the wooden one she carries in her opening scene. "Cosette" will be continued the present week. An extra matinee performance is announced for 30, to enable Miss Jean Davenport to perform her pet niece in the years of age, and a pupil of Fred Williams) to show his proficiency as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice;" he will have supporting him Barry, Louis James, Harry Edwards and the company.....Salsbury's Troubadours concluded their engagement at the Gaiety Theatre afternoon of 26, and left that evening for Chicago, where they open 28. Miss Lillie Wells' specialty, the absurdity "The Brook" was continued, preceded by the comedietta "The Rights of Woman," to audiences filling this little theatre to repletion. The characters in the last named piece are Lillie Wells and Lew Wells, Fred Gourlay and John Webster, who strove to fill the time agreeably till the more palatable and lively dish of the evening was prepared. This troupe have made a decided hit, and their early return will be anxiously looked forward to. On the evening of 26 the New York Standard Theatre Company made their first combined appearance in this city in "A False Flake," produced with the same cast as on its last representations in New York. Although not a great piece or a great success, it is likely to be attractive for the further week for which it is announced, if the attendance, which was very large on the opening night, is any indication. It was pleasingly interpreted by the ladies and gentlemen forming the company, among whom were several former favorites, Eben Plympton, though a resident of this city and known in amateur circles, never appeared here before professionally; his efforts were pleasing and well appreciated by his audience. Gustava Lerick gave a distinct personation of the bogus Lord Tweyvoort, and Ben Maginley was hearty and forcible as Jonathan Webster. Miss Rose Osborn was very good in her hysterical-ness and pathos, throughout the play; Miss May Davenport, who would be known by her family resemblance, was lady-like and natural as Valerie—she was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers during the progress of the piece. Miss Hill will have leave now to marry Jones, and as Mrs. Olivia Brown she showed the artist of experience. The lighter parts were given by Messrs. Ringgold, Leclercq and Mrs. Brutone. Two new scenes were shown, representing a view of the White Mountains and a New York parlor; but the rescue of the heroine in the first was not so hazardous as was intended, owing to the limited space between the overhanging cliffs. "A False Title" will be succeeded 4 by the New York Park Theatre Company, headed by Agnes Booth and James Lewis in "Old Love letters" and "Hurricanes." The Blanche Meda Combination follow.....The attraction at the Howard Athenæum left for Portland, Me., the Martinez Opera Company is billed for Oct. 31, Phillipps-Brignoli Opera Nov. 4, Camilla-Urso Company 8, Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell 8, 9.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell gave a matinee performance in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house Oct. 26 to a good-sized audience.....The Alhaiza Opera Company are billed for 28, and Stetson's "Evangeline" Company 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2; thence to Burlington, Vt., 4, Montreal P. Q., the rest of the week.

THE MCNEIL FAMILY are to perform in Forest, O., Oct. 28, 29, Dunkirk, 30, 31, Ada Nov. 1, 2, Lima 4, 5, Delphos 6, 7, Van Wert 8, 9.

THE ELEGANT HALL of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Mannerchor was crowded night of Oct. 23, on the occasion of its first concert of the season. The chorus numbers about the same as last year, and showed efficient drill under its leader, Prof. Leckner. Mr. Heckler sang the only solo on the bill, though Mrs. Barmeier, Miss Bauer, and Mr. Benner Scheidt sang solo parts in the mixed chorus.....The date of the Rose-Mapleson concerts is Nov. 11 and 21.

ALICE OATES' OPERA TROUPE are to commence an engagement in Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2.

MUSICAL SOUNDS from Boston, Mass., are sent as follows by our correspondent: "The second concert in the old Bay State cosey was given in Music Hall Oct. 21, when the following artists appeared before a crowded and enthusiastic assemblage: Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, Signor Tagliapietra's Triple Quartet; Samuel E. Jacobs, pianist; W. J. D. Leavitt, organist; and Miss Georgie Z. Cayvan, reader.....A vocal and instrumental concert and the burlesque opera "Bidella" were given at Turn Hall for the benefit of the English-German school.....The first rehearsal of the newly-organized Mendelssohn Choral Union was held in the hall of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association 21.....Prof. Blodgett, manager of the Musical Conservatory at Pittsfield, Mass., has enraged Charles N. Allen, violinist, and Wulf Fries, violoncellist of Boston, to visit the conservatory once a fortnight to play classical sonatas and trios with the pupils.....Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, the well-known Boston vocalist, sailed for Europe on the steamer Scythia 23 to fulfill London engagements..... The Alhaiza Concert Company, under the management of M. A. De St. Omer, gave three concerts at Music Hall 23, 25, and matinee 26, to good houses, though the storm 23 affected the attendance somewhat.....The Fairbairn Family of Scotch vocalists, who appeared at Beethoven Hall during last week, gave one of their characteristic concerts at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association 24..... Herr August Wilhelmj is to give four concerts at Music Hall 28, 30, Nov. 1, and matinee 2, assisted by Mme. Teresa Carreno, pianist; Miss Maud Morgan, harpist; Miss Kate L. James, soprano; Signor Foerstler, baritone; and Maurice Strakosch, pianist; and an orchestra under the direction of Carl Zerrahn.....Mrs. Fitz of New Orleans, formerly Miss Fannie Peake of the Peake Family of bellringers, will be benefited by a concert to be given in the Town Hall, Revere, 28 The Higgins Family of Boston are among the volunteers.....An English opera company has been organized at Salem, Mass., and will present "La Somnambula" in Mechanic Hall 29 and 30, the artists being Alonzo H. Hatch of New York, Mr. McDonald of Boston, C. H. Webber of Salem, and the Misses Minnie Field and Minnie Smith of that city.....Julius Eichberg will give a musical entertainment at his school 31.....The Camilla Urso Concert Company appear in Music Hall Nov. 7.....A complimentary concert to Joseph Claus, previous to his departure for Vienna to perfect himself on the violin, will be given in Union Hall 22. He will be assisted by Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano; Charles N. Allen, violinist; William H. Sherwood, pianist; Carl Pfeiffer, baritone; and Frank D. Blake, pianist and accompanist.....Miss Adelaide Phillips, English Lady Quartett and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club give two concerts, under the management of Messrs. Hathaway & Pond, in Music Hall 22, 23..... Verdi's Requiem Mass is to be rendered in Music Hall 24 by Mme. Adelaide Phillips, Charles R. Adams, John F. Winch, and the Handel and Haydn Society.....The Cecilia Club give the first of their invitation concerts at Tremont Temple in the latter part of November.....The Georgian Four Notes, who recently made a successful debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, will sing in Union Hall Dec. 5.....Messrs. Hall & Ford have completed negotiations with the Marie Rose Concert Combination for thirty-five concerts, for which, it is said, $30,000 will be paid. The season will cover a period of seven weeks, and commences at Cleveland, O., Nov. 4.

VARIETY HALLS.

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes Oct. 25: "The National (Grand Central) ran a variety show during the past week. It was billed as 'Mabel Pearl's California Alliance,' and embraced Keating and Sands in their excellent musical sketches; El Nino Eddie in his fine highland fling; Mabel Pearl's well-known specialties; gymnastic acts by the Nelcourt Brothers; and vocalisms by Mabel Pearl and Jeffreys Warner. Charles L. Davis, Emma Vern and Tillie Antonio are to be added 28.....J. W. McAndrews, delineator of the aged darky; Little Jake, a midget, who danced what was courteously styled a jig, and picked up sympathetic pennies; and Ida Smith, a neat song-and-dance girl; Eugenie Lavelle, an accomplished vocalist; the Albion Brothers, clever performers on the trapeze, and Jo Rainbolt in a skillful exhibit of rifle-shooting were the novelties at the Coliseum 21. Business good. Departures: May Cannon, Pittsburg; Nellie Thorpe, Louisville; J. W. McAndrews, Detroit; Roy Leslie, Little Jake, Jo Rainbolt, Albion Brothers and Allie Smith. Opening 28: Charlotte Stanley in 'Crime,' Sandford and Wilson, Ripley and Reade, Fields and Leslie, Idaletta and Wallace and Prof. Martino.....John and Maggie Fielding were the only specialty people at Buck's during the current week. They close 27, to open in Chicago Nov. 4. No openings.....The Eldorado has a company of merit this week, comprising John Reilley, Dan Hart, Charles Perham, Tommy Adams, De Orme and Devauney, Leonard and Moore, Johnny Nichols, Charley Gallagher, Annie Hazleton and Annie Irvine. Big good business.....At the Vine-street House the new people are Jennie Reade and troupe of living statues, Eugene F. Gorman, Little Junita, Ella Heflin, Mike and Nellie Waters, Ari Holston and Patti Jerome. Biz large.....Marsh Adams, late stage-manager at the White House, left for Milwaukee 23, and has been succeeded by Eugene Gorman.....Blanche Nichols, Inez Mitchell, Abbie Hall and Carlton Blowe opened at the Olympic 21. The Boyd Brothers commence 28.....The Wheeler Brothers are playing at Guhman's.....Billy Diamond is in town.....Schickling's will probably be reopened 28 by Jackson, at one time last season manager of Wood's....Bunny Whitton, property-man at the Coliseum, sent a beautiful make-up box, his own invention, as a birthday gift to Dollie Hamilton the other day....Charles Kidder, agent for Turner's Minstrels, was in town yesterday.....James W. Wesley, the well-known comedian, husband to Addie Johnson, was instantly killed last night (24) by falling or jumping from his apartment in the third story of a building situated on Jackson street, in the rear of the White House Theatre. Mr. Wesley and his wife had been playing there, he starring in a drama called 'The Modocs;' but for several days he had been 'off,' and was in a delirium when he met his death. Two men passing picked him up after his terrible fall, and carried him by the rear entrance to the theatre, in which House, where his wife was at the time performing. He died in a few moments. His poor wife was of course frantic at the horrible spectacle, and the theatre was instantly closed. As is well known, Mr. Wesley has been 'off and on' periodically for years—a fact that has militated much to keep him down in his profession, and his wife was playing at Wood's. Spring this propensity lost them their engagement, and she then went to Baltimore alone. While Wesley remained here, his friends, for his own sake, had him sent to a city institution, where he was treated as a patient. He came out a new man, loathing both liquor and tobacco, never more again to taste liquor, had his wife returned, held well to his promise for a while, and all seemed bright for the future of the talented pair. But once more, and for the last time, the liquor-fiend mastered him, and the end is chronicled above. His funeral will probably be to-morrow, in Spring Grove Cemetery, and not a person here will be borne by his professional friends."

QUILTER AND GOLDRICK, Lillie Hall, James D. Boome, Pickert and Hayle, Bernardo and Miss Minnie Farrell were the fresh attractions at Harry Williams' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 21, to a large attendance. The performances of Quilter and Goldrick, Bernardo and Pickert and Hayle made a pronounced hit, and all responded to double encores. Chas. L. Davis, Miss Emma Vern, Sheehan and Jones, Shellman Sisters, Sparks Brothers, Miss Fanny Douglass, Bernardo and Pickert and Hayle closed 26. Mlle. Fachon's Burlesque Troupe, and Mlle. Christine Burg; Nellie Thorpe, Louisville; J. W. McAndrews, Detroit; Roy Leslie, Little Jake, Jo Rainbolt, Albion Brothers and Allie Smith. Opening 28: Charlotte Stanley in 'Crime,' Sandford and Wilson, Ripley and Reade, Fields and Leslie, Idaletta and Wallace and Prof. Martino.....John and Maggie Fielding were the only specialty people at Buck's during the current week. They close 27, to open in Chicago Nov. 4. No openings.....The Eldorado has a company of merit this week, comprising John Reilley, Dan Hart, Charles Perham, Tommy Adams, De Orme and Devauney, Leonard and Moore, Johnny Nichols, Charley Gallagher, Annie Hazleton and Annie Irvine. Big good.....At the Vine-street House the new people are Jennie Reade and troupe of living statues, Eugene F. Gorman, Little Junita, Ella Heflin, Mike and Nellie Waters, Ari Holston and Patti Jerome. Biz large.....Marsh Adams, late stage-manager at the White House, left for Milwaukee 23, and has been succeeded by Eugene Gorman.....Blanche Nichols, Inez Mitchell, Abbie Hall and Carlton Blowe opened at the Olympic 21. The Boyd Brothers commence 28.....The Wheeler Brothers are playing at Guhman's.....Billy Diamond is in town.....Schickling's will probably be reopened 28 by Jackson, at one time last season manager of Wood's....Bunny Whitton, property-man at the Coliseum, sent a beautiful make-up box, his own invention, as a birthday gift to Dollie Hamilton the other day....Charles Kidder, agent for Turner's Minstrels, was in town yesterday.....James W. Wesley, the well-known comedian, husband to Addie Johnson, was instantly killed last night (24) by falling or jumping from his apartment in the third story of a building situated on Jackson street, in the rear of the White House Theatre. Mr. Wesley and his wife had been playing there, he starring in a drama called 'The Mod

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1879

will be published early in January. The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC, such as the RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES, Etc., will be retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we shall republish the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified. It will also contain interesting sketches, poems, etc., with choice illustrations, and a variety of other new matter, which, we confidently expect, will make it more popular with our readers than any Almanac we have yet published, and insure it a very large circulation.

ANOTHER MARKED IMPROVEMENT WILL BE A NEW LITHOGRAPHED COVER OF ARTISTIC DESIGN, AND PRINTED IN COLORS.

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Below is a specimen of a ten-line card, so that our readers can judge of the space and style:

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FRESH AND BRIGHT,
THE MARVELOUS
Acrobats, Gymnasts and Balancers.
Permanent address care of CLIPPER office.

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M'LISS
than was originally provided.
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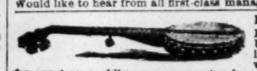

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1-tf

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